

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 8 '68 26 PENTS

**ARKANSAS
THE NEW DYNASTY**

'HURRYIN' HARRY JONES



A man in a tuxedo is pouring liquor from a bottle into a glass. He is standing behind a bar. In the background, there are other people and a large animal head mounted on the wall. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a bar or club atmosphere.

"Nothing else quite measures up"



Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

LEXINGTON BOURBON WHISKEY • 40 & 50% ALC/VOL
HUGAN WALKER & SONS INC., PLUMIA, AL.



A lot of people thought Mr. Weyenberg was beside himself when he took a saw to his favorite shoe.

It all started one day when a salesman challenged Mr. Weyenberg. "Look, so our shoes are smart... so are a lot of others. Our shoes are made of leather, so are everyone else's."

"Hummmrrumph!" said Mr. Weyenberg. He stood up to his full height, cracked the glass of his desk with a paper weight—the one

with snow inside—and shouted,

"Get me a saw!" It just so happened Mr. Weyenberg's secretary had a saw—in her bottom drawer.

He grabbed style 105-1 from the new collection, and, like Mandrake, began to saw it in half.

"Now," he said, poking his

finger in the arch. "Do you doubt the cushions built in here?"

"No sir," Mr. Weyenberg sawed the instep... he pulled out an air cell rubber cushion.

"Now do you believe there's more to a sole?" "Yes sir, I believe."

Then he sawed the heel. There was a more buoyant cushion under the heel.

"Anything you say, sir," said the salesman.

"Hummmrrumph!" said Mr. Weyenberg.

"Wearing our shoes is not like wearing any shoe in the world. When you walk, you walk rich," and that's no old saw! Here are two contemporary Weyenberg styles from the outside. 16.95 to 24.95.



Weyenberg Massagic

WEYENBERG SHOES INC. CO. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53102

The notion you have to have grey hair before you buy your first luxury automobile is completely out of date.



Many people of financial maturity shrink from what they consider a mere status symbol. For good reason. But the man who owns a 1966 Imperial knows it is far, far more.

Behind the prestige is an extraordinary automobile—with qualities worth far more than the dollar difference between it and a "medium price car."

No other car from Chrysler Corporation shares Imperial's body.

Thus in size, weight and structural balance, Imperial

is luxury scale to begin with. The advantages of this become more significant, the more you drive it.

Imperial's completely new engine is an awesome 440 cubic inch V8 with a secret ingredient. A tiny thimbleful of elemental tin.

This knits molecules together with new strength—and helps create an engine 10% more powerful than last year's, with a 1% increase in weight.

Behind the wheel, you settle into your own private armchair, fully adjustable



for height, angle, and distance from the wheel.

Under its regal fabric or leather upholstery, even the padding is padded with up to 1½ inches of additional foam.

Your companion has an armchair which in addition tilts back to any angle within a 22½° arc—becoming, in effect, a chaise

louche. And both chairs, with center armrests up, can be aligned into a 5-foot sectional sofa for three.

Discover all of Imperial's luxuries firsthand at one of our dealer's showrooms.

Or send for our 20-page, full-color catalog. Imperial Division Office No. 5D-3, P.O. Box 1658, Detroit, Michigan 48201.

THE INCOMPARABLE
IMPERIAL

Finest of the fine cars built by Chrysler Corporation

Contents

NOVEMBER 8, 1965 Volume 23, No. 19

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

22 The Bears Unpack 'Em

Led by the sensational rookie, Gale Sayers, Chicago scored the pro upset of the year over Green Bay

26 Lost Bullets in Disasterville

Baltimore does not look like the team that was supposed to shoot its way into NBA contention

28 Barefoot in the Driver's Seat

Dick Kenney of Michigan State kicks field goals without a shoe, a Spartan habit that helps keep his team at the top

30 Man for the Next Few Seasons

Excitable Frank Broyles is changing the image of Arkansas as he starts a new drama with his ever-naming Hogs

46 The Hunters of the Sky

The simple grace and beauty of a falconers' field trial are declared by Duncan Barnes and Armit Francis Golden

52 Maitre d' of Sports TV

He is Dick Bailey, whose Sports Network televises more athletic events than the three major networks combined

64 A Volcanic Shooting Lodge

High up on Mauna Kea on the big island of Hawaii, a sportsman has built his dream house right where the game is

74 An Asylum for Mad Fishermen

The shunks held some hope that Jack Olsen will recover from his fishing trip to Portugal's Berlenga Island

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 19 Scorecard | 68 Automobiles |
| 38 Football's Week | 71 Horse Racing |
| 56 Golf | 72 Bridge |
| 59 People | 93 For the Record |
| 60 Pro Football | 94 19th Hole |
| 64 Design for Sport | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, 60611, principal office. Registered at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. 10036, James A. Green, President, D. W. Brantingham, Treasurer, Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.50 a year. This content published as national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Canada, E1-E3, New York metropolitan, E1-E3, N.Y.-N.Y., extended New York metropolitan, E1-E3, N.Y.-N.Y., extended New York metropolitan, E1-E3, C1-C4, Boston and D.C. metropolitan, E1-E3, E4-D2, extended western, E1-E3, C1-C4, Detroit metropolitan, M1-M4, X1-X2, western, S1-S4, western, W1-W4, San Francisco metropolitan, W1-W4 A1-A2, extended Los Angeles metropolitan, W1-W4, S1-S4, X1-X2, extended western, W1-W4 D1-D2, Florida, E1-E3, S1-S4, special, NPI SPM.

Credits on page 92

Next week

WESTERN POWDER, the world's best snow, in the subject of a 21-page skiing special. John G. Zimmerman photographs its glories, and Eddie Morris shows how to ski it.

A RED-HOT TIGER, burning brighter than ever, Princeton has won 15 games in a row and is college football's biggest scorer. John Underwood writes about the Ivy leaders.

CHISELERS AND SPONGERS are not cheaters and freeloaders in table-tennis jargon, as you will learn from this hilarious history of the sport by Dick Miller, ex-U.S. champion.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Henkell
President: James A. Linn
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Gelfink
Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Lunn

Managing Editor: André Lagarde
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnson
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tobby, Roy Turrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyl, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Canwell, Ray Cave, Robert Cramer, Andrew Curbish, Roger S. Hewitt, Gerald Holland, Marcus Kane, Hansson E. Mann, Jack Olson, Cole Pryor, Kenneth Rogers, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Taa, Whitney Town, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Houston Horn, Dan Jenkins, William Leppert, Bob O'Brien, Gailbert Hagen, Edwin Shneke, Lee E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Wrenner, Les Woodhouse

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brady, Frank Delord, Alice Hagan, Marvin Hyman, Joe Jans, Virginia Keith, Mark Kiani, Barbara La Fontaine, John Lowrey, Jack Mann, Harold Pearson, Liz Smith, Bush D.

Photography: MICHAEL BRONSON, John M. Seiberson, (top) R. George J. Woodbridge; ASSISTANTS: Betty Dink, Dorothy May, CHRISTOPHER PROCTOR/CAAPERS, Phil Korb, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Jones Jr., Neil Loftis, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Schachtman, Brian Sted, Art Shaw, Tony Truitt.

Writer-Resistant: CHS, Hovos Fitzpatrick; Duncan Barnes, Jodi Campbell, Peggy Downey, Gay Flood, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Knight, Patricia Ryan, Morton Sharick, Paul R. Stewart, Herman Winkoff

Boarders: Mary Snow, John Lamb, Felicia Lee, Tom-
bert MacDonald, Rose Mary Neuhum, Mark Nelson,
Judy Munro, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileggi, Gary Rose.

Special Contributions: Charles Goren (Count), Carleton Mitchell (Furthest), John O'Reilly (Nature), William F. Talbert (Fossa)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (Manager), William Gallagher, Francis A. Sullivan, copy edit: Barbara Gottlieb (Clery), Betty DeMoss, Roberta Frost, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Margaret Harno

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanor Milosovic; ADJUTANT, Arch Narosi.

[illegible]

Canada: Montreal, Arthur Siegel, Ottawa, Gordon
Hewer, Toronto, Rex MacLeod; Vancouver, Ed
Wrighthead
Foreign Bureau: (1987) Richard M. Charnan; (1988)

Advertising Sales Director: Robert C. Brinker
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowan

The falconry story by Duncan Burnes in this issue and Jack Nicklaus' golf tip a few pages later have one common factor: they were illustrated by the same artist, Francis (Frank) Golden. Golden now knows about as much about Nicklaus' golf swing as does Jack himself. And when he goes to work for us on an outdoor story, as he has for years, he is truly an expert among experts.

Artist Golden is a Yankee from Adams, Mass. He went to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts School, then journeyed to New York City in search of success and money. After a sticky start he found both. One of his first jobs was helping Salvador Dali do a mural on the inside wall of a mermaid tank. This was in the Dream of Venus exhibit at New York World's Fair 1. As often happens in the world of commercial art, the opening of the Dream of Venus was an emergency operation for the Dali crew. They stood in the tank on that last day, madly painting with rubber-base paint as the water was let in, and the beautiful bare-breasted mermaids entered and began swimming about. The gallant band of artists finished the job just as the water surged up to their wide-open eyes. Frank has

had an affinity for water ever since—and especially for water that fish swim in.

These days the waters Golden most often frequents are those of Long Island Sound, and the attraction is likely to be bluefish or striped bass—not mernsids. He lives with his wife Marie and has two young sons in Weston, Conn., where he fishes, paints, fishes, collects guns and fishes. Though he sometimes goes for trout in nearby streams, he finds the stocked brookies much too civilized.

When the fish he likes are running, Frank runs after them in his 18-foot bass boat, and there is a loud rumor among his companions about a great, well-oiled art machine that paints away while Frank merrily casts. The rumor goes that Frank, with the flick of a switch, simultaneously does two things: he starts his ingenious contraption and he clears his conscience for the wonderful hours ahead. Golden denies it all, and—even aside from his sensitive paintings—there is evidence to dispute the allegation. Frank Golden's conscience is a bothersome thing, especially on the subject of the outdoors. Like many fishermen, he is deeply concerned about conservation. In his talks with other sportsmen wherever he has traveled for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Golden has found "a common interest in conservation and a constant awareness of the fast-changing outdoor scene. Men and machines move in on the wild free lands, leaving behind decimated forests and piles of concrete.

"I can see it on a smaller scale around home," he adds. "In the town of Westport the marshes and the Sau-gatuck River are slowly being eaten away, being filled for parking lots. We must all be aware and beware. Change, of course, must come, but most of the time there is a choice to be made. We should be making more good ones."

Frank Golden, we agree with you. And we don't believe the rumor about that marvelous machine.

[illegible]



The Good Things of Life

Moments shared together develop a closeness that may never be expressed. The wise planning of Life insurance is also a silent expression of the closeness between a man and his family.

The illustration above is a work of art available from the House of Art in Lincoln, Nebraska.



BANKERS LIFE NEBRASKA

**THEY'LL
LOVE
THE VIEW**

Alpine skiers (as well as Bahaman beach-combers and stay-at-home baseball fans) are all candidates for a gift of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, any time the occasion presents itself. A birthday? An anniversary? A house warming? SI fills the bill on the spot, then goes on to treat every week in the year ahead. So why not keep SI in mind the next time you want to extend your best wishes in a lasting way. Just send us the details (names and addresses, instructions for signing the gift cards). The cost is low (\$7.50 for one year-long subscription, only \$6 each if you order two or more), and we will be glad to bill you later.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

540 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60611

SKI COLORADO



Swish over powdery snow down miles of expertly-groomed runs . . . bask in the warm sun beside a heated pool . . . rendezvous in alpine ski retreats! Glorious fun—you bet, for this is Colorado sking. And all this can be yours on a Burlington-Hertz Colorado Ski Holiday. Everything is planned, just pick your favorite ski area (Vail, Aspen, Breckenridge, Crested Butte, Loveland Winter Park . . .) and the time you'd like to go. This winter, join the trek to Colorado . . . just for the thrills and fun of it!

Send today for your copy of our colorful Colorado Ski Holidays folder.

**Burlington
Route**

BURLINGTON TRAVEL HEADQUARTERS

Dept. 345, 547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60606

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

BOOKTALK

An admirer of Alabama's Bear Bryant writes him an out-of-season Valentine

Quick now, football fans! What is the name of the poor little ex-farm boy from Merriott, Ark., who grew up to become a director of a bank and an insurance company, who prefers turning greens to steak, who dotes over his grandchildren, sings hymns in the shower and reads *The Wall Street Journal*? Oh, yes. He is also the best darn millionaire football coach in America today. Got it? Right you are, Paul William (Bear) Bryant. And if some of those facts have escaped your dossier on the Alabama coach, then you have not read Betty Marshall's book, *Bearings: Don't Ever Change*. "But it bears anything that comes to mind. Chances are you won't read it, either, unless you are fan enough to send \$4 to Bear Book, P.O. Box 577, Birmingham, because that is the quaint way Betty and her publisher, The Parthenon Press, have the distribution set up.

Marshall, sports editor of *The Birmingham News*, is one of those Alabamians who believe you go to Bryant when you die. He never misses a chance to defend the cause—and stoutly. "Blown out of proportion," he calls the Blech-Granning incident, in which an Alabama linebacker (Dwain Holt) hospitalized a Georgia Tech back (Chuck Granning).

Wherever Bryant has coached Maryland, Kentucky, Texas A&M, Alabama, he has been a huge success. Marshall explains that success in terms of the feuding Bryant legends, the tears he sheds and the fears (Bryant? Fears?) he has felt. He quotes the players, the first line of Bryant allegiance: "When I came to Alabama, a sorority girl wouldn't even date a football player. It's different now." "He's hard on people who play dirty football."

Once Bryant kicked Joe Namath, then and still a big favorite of the Bear's, off the team before the last two games of Namath's junior season. Namath had broken a training rule. Bryant's assistants were aghast. They asked him to reconsider. Bryant called Namath into his meeting. "Joe," he said, "these men think I made a mistake. They think you should be allowed to play. The only way, Joe, is for me not to be the coach here." Namath, Marshall relates, said he wouldn't want that. Obviously nobody in the state would want that.

"The eyes of the new kids coming by widen in startled recognition" when they see Bryant, writes Marshall. "The heads swing around. There he is. If Coach Bryant is aware he goes no sign. They will write home about it." Marshall, wide-eyed, has written home about it.

JOHN UNDERWOOD



“Try again, Jack!”

**When I say martini,
I mean Fleischmann's.”**

There is a difference in the taste of pins. When you want the world's cleanest tasting martini, speak up loud and clear: “Fleischmann's Martini.” Bartenders like definite people.



FLEISCHMANN'S DRY • 30% ALC/VOL • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. • N.Y.C.





Hamilton has a way with Gold.

Craftsmanship—that's Hamilton's way with gold. Contemporary design—that's Hamilton's way with gold. Gold* is an art at Hamilton because a gold Hamilton has long been a great American tradition. A gold Hamilton even looks different—

it doesn't have that shiny, brassy look. Long ago Hamilton discovered a new shade of gold. Richer. More lustrous. Mellow. That's still Hamilton's way with gold. Ultra-thin designs. Automatics. Calendar styles. Even Electrics. Each is a possession

That's Hamilton's way with gold, too. For yourself or for an extraordinary gift. See your Hamilton jeweler.

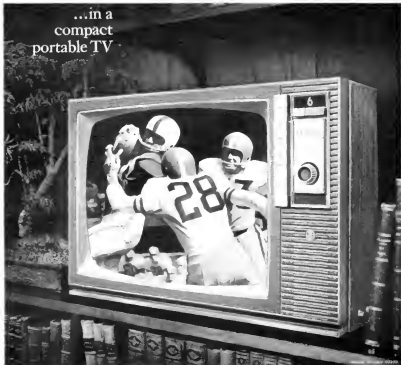
If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON

Watch shown: T-2012, \$160. Other: T-2001, \$240; T-2014, \$180; T-2012, \$120; A-216, Calendar Automatic, \$175. *Watches shown, 14K. Other models in 18K, 33K, 10KGP. Hamilton Watches are sold by jewellers in the U.S., Canada and more than 90 other countries. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.



Now you
can have a
console-size
picture

...in a
compact
portable TV



Zenith's new 21" Handcrafted portable gives you room-to-room portability with giant-screen viewing

Now, Zenith brings you a giant-screen 21" portable TV with a picture more than 20% bigger than any 19" portable. Yet the cabinet is so beautifully compact it will go anywhere a 19" portable will. Here's a portable TV you can see from across the room... even tune from across the room with Zenith Space Command® remote control. Inside, it has all the Handcrafted quality

Zenith builds into TV. No plastic painted circuit boards. No production shortcuts. Every connection is carefully hand-wired for greater dependability and fewer service problems. Get the big picture... in the trim, compact cabinet Zenith's giant-screen 21" portable TV... now at your Zenith dealer's. At Zenith, the quality goes on before the name goes on®.





Are you big enough for Head Skis?

Affirmative. Whatever your stature, whatever the scope of your skill, Head has a ski that's both fitting and proper. Standard is basic, best for beginners and just-for-the-fun-of-it skiers. Shortski is even easier. Deep Powder is what you'd expect. Master is for most intermediates. Competition is the international class racing ski . . . with a Youngster's version for hot tots. In all, 59 pairings of Head models and sizes. Including the one to grow on.

Head Skis, six models. \$112.50 to \$148.50+. Poles, \$24.50+ at various ski shops the world over. Dangling nose poster, 50¢ (new cardboard free) from Head Ski Co., Inc., Torrington, ME 01061, U.S.A.



POINT OF FACT

A National Hockey League quiz to stir memories and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

7 The Montreal Canadiens won the NHL championship a record 14 times. Has this team failed to win an NHL championship?

• The Chicago Black Hawks are the only team that has failed to finish first in the regular-season standings. The closest they came was the 1962-63 season, when they finished second by one point to the Toronto Maple Leafs, and again the following season, when they finished one point behind the Montreal Canadiens.

7 What team has recorded the most shutouts during regular-season play?

• In 1928-29, when the league schedule called for only 44 games, the Montreal Canadiens shut out the opposition 22 times.

7 What were the two shots attempted as goal by one team in a single game?

• The Boston Bruins made 83 attempts on goal against Chicago Black Hawk goalie Sam LoPresti during a 3-2 win in 1941.

7 What is the longest period of time that a goalie has kept the opposition from scoring?

• The longest shutout sequence was by Alex Connell of the Ottawa Senators during the 1927-28 season, when he held opponents scoreless for 446 minutes and nine seconds as he ran up a string of six straight shutouts. (Forward passing was not permitted in the attacking zones during that era.)

7 Last season Bobby Hall won both the Hart Memorial Trophy and the Lady Bing Memorial Trophy. Has any other player ever won both of the awards in the same year?

• Yes. Buddy O'Connor of the New York Rangers. He won the awards for his performance during the 1947-48 season.

7 What is the record for consecutive games played by an individual?

• Andy Hebenton of the New York Rangers played in 630 straight games over nine seasons. Glenn Hall of the Detroit Red Wings and Chicago Black Hawks holds the record for goals, playing in 502 consecutive games before an injury forced him out of the lineup.

7 Who holds the record for the fastest three goals scored in the NHL?

• During the third period of a game between the Chicago Black Hawks and the New York Rangers in 1952, Bill Mosienko of Chicago scored three times in 21 seconds (6:09, 6:20, 6:30) as the Black Hawks were defeating the Rangers 7-6.

Plymouth Barracuda



There are plenty of fish
in the sea, but there's
only one '66 Barracuda.

Watch it get away.

Better look quick! Barracuda has an optional Formula 'S' performance pack that includes a 273-cu.-in. "Commando V-8," heavy-duty shocks, springs and sway bar, a tachometer, wide-rim wheels, special Blue Streak tires, and simulated bolt-on wheel covers. And '66 brings another new Barracuda option: front-wheel disc brakes.

Then there's Barracuda's sensational fastback styling. And room for five, with bucket seats up front. Or, you can flip the back seat down for a fully carpeted 7-foot-long cargo space.

Try and catch one . . . at your Plymouth Dealer's.



Charter Membership in Plymouth National Barracuda Club open to all owners.
See Plymouth in action on NCAA and AFL Football and The Bob Hope Show, NBC TV.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Let yourself go... *Plymouth*

1000 1000000 1000000 1000000



Edgebrook VII, \$275;

imagine! **you can** **own a** **Brunswick** **home** **billiard** **table** **for** **only** **\$275**

Interested in a home billiard table? Wonder what's meant when they're advertised as "professional quality"? Well, Brunswick's the world's largest and oldest manufacturer of commercial billiard tables.

There are more Brunswick tables in professional use than any other. It stands to reason then, that "professional quality" really means Brunswick quality.

So, why buy an imitation when you can have the real thing!

You can choose a Brunswick billiard table from 8 apartment and home weight models. Prices start at \$275. (If you're a real pro you'll want to see the Squire IX at \$1095.) But, whichever model fits your purse (and your room), it will give you longer years of better play. More fun, too. Choose from Honeycomb up to five inches thick, PERMALEVEL or LEVELITE* . . . warranted exclusive table beds featuring rigid portability, and a host of other

Brunswick features are built-in for professional playability.

So see the real thing . . . see Brunswick home tables at the nearest sporting goods or department store.

ALSO AVAILABLE:
 Edgebrook VIII, \$295
 Executive VII, \$365 • Executive VIII, \$395
 Celebrity, \$495 • Monarch, \$595
 Squire VIII, \$995 • Squire IX, \$1095.

Brunswick 
 THE NO. 1 NAME IN BILLIARDS

"I'm interested in a Brunswick home table, please furnish more details."

Brunswick Corporation
 Department 15
 Billiards Division, Attn: Mgr.
 623 S. Wabash Ave. • Chicago, Ill. 60605

Name _____
 Address _____
 Phone No. _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Hertz has a come-on a guarantee no less

Now that you know it, forget it.

And you probably *will* forget it, if you're who we think you are. You have enough to think about. Like more success.

That's the point. Guys like you should be able to take the cars you rent for granted. They should just — be there. Purring. With never a second thought from you. But we have doubts. About us.

We give you a firm guarantee. To make certain you'll never have to waste your time

thinking about our frisky, flawless Chevrolets or other fine cars.

We have Certified Service. (We always get pretentious when we're being conscientious.) What it comes down to is that you get \$50 in car rental certificates if we're not always up to scratch.

Not that fifty bucks squares anything. But it could keep you from taking your business somewhere else.

Couldn't it?

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)

© HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1982

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF) • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • CERTIFIED IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

* We English.

The Scots distill Haig—
we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller is Haig.
You'll find Haig
to your taste, too.





LEAN ON KLOPMAN PERMANENTLY IRONED FABRICS

McGregor isn't afraid to come right out and say it: No ironing - no fooling! That's because Klopman made this permanent press fabric. Made it so carefully and so well that she can take it out of her automatic dryer and let him put it on then and there. And since it's a Klopman

made fabric, it performs just as beautifully every other way. After all, what good is a press that lasts if the fabric doesn't? Shirt of Klopman's 42% Dacron® polyester/20% combed cotton in Mist Wine, White, Dragon Blue, Mid Blue, Turk, Ground Tan, Sun Glow, Squire's Green

and Sunset. Sizes Small, Medium, Medium Large, Large, Extra Large. Long sleeve shirt, about \$7. Short sleeve shirt, about \$6. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., Shering Division, 115 West 40th Street, New York 10018. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

OUR LITTLE SPRITE IS A SPORTY, SPUNKY, PROWLING, GROWLY

BOMB



Zaroom! The last of the pure sports cars for under \$2,000*. Name: Sprite. Its official Sports Car Club of America rating is Class G or H. Every second-car should be so alphabetical. Whether you're racing for the 8.06 or for the local championship, big disc and drums brake you to quick, swerve-free

stops from top speed (up to 90 miles an hour). Low-slung suspension and race-proven steering geometry make cornering flat and fast. Roll-up windows, foam bucket seats, lockable trunk, and a snug, convertible top complete the package. Now bend down close: hear it tick?

THE MOST VERSATILE SPORTS CAR EVER BUILT

AUSTIN
HEALEY

SPRITE

FOR OVERSEAS CARS AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTORING COMPANY, 1001, WEST 136TH STREET, ASTORIA, OREGON 97103. OR, PHONE (503) 325-1100.

This is the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer GMT-Master.
It's called the Oyster because its case is as tight as a clam.
It tells you the date.
It gives you the time in two different zones at once.
And it's the heaviest, toughest stainless steel watch in the world.



If you want to know more about Rolex Watches, ask Maurice Chevlier, Raymond Loewy, Pauline Tigee, Rudi Gerreich, Cmdr Whitehead, Jinx Falkenburg, Henry Kaiser, Conrad Hilton, Walter Slezak, Donald Douglas or Pan American World Airways. Or write to American Rolex Watch Corporation, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 10035, for a copy of "The Story of Rolex".

ROLEX

Above: Rolex GMT-Master with stainless steel case and band, "waterproof", automatic 25-jewel chronometer movement with accuracy certified by Swiss Institute for Timekeeping Tests, \$225. Other Rolex Oyster Perpetuals from \$118 as fine jewels. *When case, crown and crystal are 18k gold.



For \$99.95 to \$199.95, Ring, Ring, Ring
Now, \$99.95 to \$199.95, Ring, Ring, Ring

The perfect symbol of love . . . forever

Love and romance are captured forever in the brilliant styling of every Keepsake diamond engagement ring. Each setting is a masterpiece of design, reflecting the full brilliance and beauty of the center diamond . . . a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut.

The name, Keepsake, in the ring and on the tag is your assurance of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. Your very personal Keepsake is awaiting your selection at your Keepsake Jeweler's store. Find him in the yellow pages under "Jewelers."

REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS

HOW TO BE SURE WHEN BUYING A DIAMOND RING

To help me get more value for my money please send folder "Choosing Your Engagement and Wedding Rings" also for my fiance send new 20-page booklet "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding" both for only 25c

Name

Address

City Co. State

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203





How can you tell Mercury is a great road car? Point it uphill.

If power alone were enough, Mercury would easily qualify. Mercury's power comes in big new engines, ranging up to a [428 cu. inch V8]. But Mercury isolates you from the raw force of power with the finest, quietest ride this side of the Lincoln Continental. And makes the miles still shorter with a long list of options. If you like uninterrupted music, you'll enjoy our [Stereo-Sonic Tape System]. It plays 80 minutes with plug-in cartridges. And you should like our unique [interval-selector windshield wipers]. The sweep adjusts from 2 to over 10 seconds for any kind

of weather on your windshield. (Some option! They're standard on all but the Monterey.) [Cornering lights] will help you navigate dark corners. And [front disc brakes] will give you sure, grab free stops. Now level with yourself — are you just about ready for the move to Mercury 1966?

Move ahead with



Mercury

in the Lincoln Continental tradition

SCORECARD

ROOM AND A VIEW

The ultimate in pro-football viewing may have been achieved at a Giant game in New York a week or so ago. The usual horde of thirsty sportsmen were red-dogging the Stadium Club bar during the half-time intermission. At the start of the second half, a goodly number either had not yet gotten their order or were hanging around to enjoy a second or possibly a third. As the action began on the field all crowded together at the end of the bar near the closed-circuit TV. All, that is, but one suave spectator type. He sat by himself at the far end of the bar in solitary comfort, watching the television set through binoculars.

GOLF IN THE STONE AGE

Jack Nicklaus may never become a full-fledged member of the Professional Golfers' Association (SI, Nov. 1), but it won't be because he isn't trying. In his supposedly final year as a probationary member, Nicklaus lost his chance to play in the required 25 tournaments a year when the Miami Beach Open, slated for December, was canceled. Jack offered to put up \$25,000 if the PGA would schedule another tournament anywhere in the U.S. during the week originally reserved for Miami. The PGA said \$25,000 was not enough and that a tournament sponsor was needed. Nicklaus found a sponsor, the Sertoma Club of Tampa, which agreed to ante up an extra \$10,000. The PGA said no again, this time on the grounds that a Tampa tournament would conflict with its own PGA Four-ball event the following week in Palm Beach. It did not explain why a Tampa tournament would conflict when a Miami one would not have. All Nicklaus can do now is hope for PGA approval of his request to let 24 tournaments suffice. There is precedent for this, but don't bet too much on Jack's chances.

The PGA is swinging wildly in all directions. It is threatening to suspend Arnold Palmer, Tony Lema, Gary Player, Kel Nagle, Bob Charles, Chi Chi Rodriguez and others for breaking a PGA rule against playing in a foreign

tournament when the dates conflict with a U.S. PGA tournament. That rule was effective in 1964, after many golfers were already committed overseas. Bob Charles, for instance, signed in 1958 to play in the Dunlop Masters in Ireland every year, he and Nicklaus agreed long ago to play in the Australian Open.

Twelve months ago the PGA said it would not schedule a tournament in conflict with the World Match Play championship in England. Last May it changed its mind and set the Haig & Haig at La Costa, Calif. for the same weekend. It warned that any pro who competed in the World Match Play would be subject to suspension. But having agreed to do so before the PGA changed the Haig & Haig, Palmer and Lema competed in England anyway, which is why they have been notified of possible suspension.

Obviously, a Nicklaus should belong to his country's PGA. Obviously, when a Palmer plays in Liverpool, a Lema in Madrid, a Player in St. Louis, the stature of the game of golf is the great gainer. The players know this and golf fans know it. Maybe someday even the PGA will figure it out.

HOOPSTER

Note to John Q. Public, Gas Fan, GI Jog and all headline writers: the Texas Western College basketball team has a player named Willie Cager.

THE BLAME GAME

Football coaches, particularly losing ones, have been known to indulge in some inventive wailing before, but Maryland Coach Tom Nugent's recent reasoning retires the Criers' Cup. "I've gone as far as I can," sniffed Nugent after a 29-7 loss to underdog North Carolina State. "It's time to share the responsibility." Then, publicly laying blame on assistant coaches he himself had selected, Nugent announced his remedy. In a move of doubtful efficacy he switched his defensive aides to offense and offensive coaches to defense. Assistant coaches are, of course, the same fellows who get little

or no credit when the team is winning.

At last report, two assistants were reported talking of quitting, university President Wilson Ekins was quoted as planning no change in head coaches "at this point" and Nugent was mending fences. "I'm not passing the buck," he said, switching his option "I get twice as much money as the other coaches so I should get twice as much blame."

Right.

HAUTE CUISINE

Italian Olympic officials are among those worried about the mule-and-a-half altitude of Mexico City, site of the 1968 Games. Never mind how it hampers athletic performance—what's serious is that it is said to interfere with the cooking of spaghetti. Water boils at too low a temperature, according to Olympic Secretary Mario Sassi, and he therefore is recommending that the Italian team be equipped with pressure cookers.

LET'S GO, ANTEATERS

"Booh, booh," cried Yale in the good old days. "Charge!" thundered USC in more contemporary times. Now tune up your tonsils for a new battle cry, this one belonging to the University of California at Irvine, whose traditions date back to October 4. (On that date, 88-



000 acres of former citrus and cattle ranch opened up as UCI.) What UCI Irvine lacks in ivy and football glory it makes up in cheering. Particularly at the school's top sport, water polo. When Irvine gets the ball, fans rise as one and scream, "One, two, three. . . Zot!" Zot? Right. Plain old unvarnished Zot. And when water polo is over, the basketball team, too, will score goals to the accompaniment of "Zot! Zot! Zot!"

continued



The most wanted nut

It's a crime that such a delightful nut should make itself so scarce. But now it's back. In time to liven up your parties, shorten your Christmas list, and make your munching merry. It's as mellow, crisp, rich, light and delicate as ever. And it still has its little pointed head. Better go look for it right now. On the nut shelf, over the freezer, in the gourmet section, it's either in a jar or in a tin. Bon appétit.

(P.S. It's NOT available in all stores, just the better ones.)

ROYAL HAWAIIAN® Macadamia Nuts



©1991 Macadamia Nut Growers Inc.
Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nut Co.
1000 Kalia Road, Suite 100
Honolulu, Hawaii 96813

SCORECARD *Football*

The origin of this unlikely exhortation was in informal balking for a school nickname. When votes were counted the winning name was Anteaters, with Aardvarks a solid second. "Too flippant," said the administration. "Too undignified." Unabashed and still undignified, UCI rooters broke out their new cheer the next big water-polo weekend. You will recall, of course, that in Johnny Hart's comic strip *B.C.*, the sound of anteater tongue impacting ant is "Zeil!"

Let's hear it out there. Fifteen Zois and a locomotive for the Anteaters.

INFIELD OUT

Fans of the St. Louis Cardinals—baseball variety—were jolted by General Manager Bob Howsam's trades, which sent away Bill White, Dick Groat and Ken Boyer, three-fourths of the All-Star infield that was so instrumental in gaining the Cardinals the world championship just over a year ago. It was the most violent ripping apart of a club since Connie Mack broke up the Philadelphia Athletics in the 1930s. No one has ever been able to put the Athletics together again, but the St. Louis situation seems different. White, Groat and Boyer are solid hitters, but slow asfoot. The new municipal stadium in St. Louis, which will be ready next year, is similar to Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles: it is big, built for speed, not power. Ergo, the Cardinals are turning to speed, violently.

It appears that all the gamblers on the Mississippi aren't on riverboats. Add Bob Howsam's name to the list.

CRISIS IN COLUMBUS

A story on the front page of the Columbus, Ohio *Citizen-Journal* last week said that next year only high school students graduating in the upper fourth of their class would be admitted to the central campus at Ohio State for "preferred morning and afternoon classes." All others would have to attend late afternoon and evening classes, roughly between the hours of 4 and 10 p.m.

The new plan is proposed as a means of coping with OSU's rapidly growing enrollment (40,000). If it goes into effect it could virtually knock OSU out of big-time football and basketball. It is just about impossible to recruit teams of good athletes who are all in the first quarter of their high school classes and almost as impossible to run practices when part of a team is going to classes

in daytime and another part at night. Nor will the prospect of 4-to-10 classes appeal to athletes under recruiting pressure from other schools.

Football Coach Woody Hayes and basketball Coach Fred Taylor have faced crises before, but this could be the biggest yet.

MINNESOTA SIT-OUT

Minnesotans have pumped another load of bird shot into the canard that hunters are enemies of conservation. Because the pheasant population is badly depleted, sportsmen felt there should have been a closed season this year. When a 23-day season was scheduled anyway, Minnesota's best hunters waged a campaign to boycott it. If you can believe it, they even urged farmers to post their lands. The campaign worked: a reported 65,000 hunters stayed home.

POWER PLAY

The AAU, like any other institution whose *raison d'être* is primarily political, knows most of the uses and abuses of power. One such is "packing," a device previously tried on everything from supreme courts and congressional committees to PTA councils. In an otherwise routine meeting of the U.S. Olympic Board of Directors, the Olympic track-and-field committee was increased from 22 members to 45. The NCAA, which hitherto had had nine representatives, still had nine, but the AAU, which previously had parity with the NCAA at nine, had now jumped to 23. That not only obliterates the NCAA, it gives the AAU an absolute majority—more than the NCAA, NAIA, armed forces, junior colleges and high schools combined—which somehow sounds more like a coup d'état than a compromise.

WELCOME WAGON

It has been suggested before that Leo Durocher, who recently signed a three-year contract to manage the long moribund Chicago Cubs (19 straight years in the second division), is a man who lips before he looks. This is certainly true, but it is only Leo's second finest quality. His first is that he can manage, and while managing he brings to baseball color and nonsense and controversy and people who pay. Of the other managers presently in the National League only two seem to possess elements of these same qualities—Gene Mauch of the Philadelphia Phillies and Bobby Bragan of the Atlanta Braves—and they both admit

that they studied at the well-shined shoes of Darocher.

On Chicago's North Side, Leo's appointment brought hope and excitement, and the Chicago press responded happily, particularly to Leo's dictum. "We're going to have some fun around here." Of course, not everyone is enchanted by Leo. Buzzy Bavasi, the general manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, was quoted as saying that "the game has passed Leo by." And, "after listening to him second-guess everyone else on television, now we can see how he first-guesses." We suspect that in the back of Bavasi's mind is the fact that ever since the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, the Cubs have been one of their worst drawing attractions. Now, with Leo handling them, the Cubs should bring more people to Dodger Stadium and more money to the box office, especially if Bavasi can get a nice loudmouth feud going with Leo by Opening Day.

TORN ASUNDER

Bowling Green Athletic Director Doyt Perry, who gave up coaching this year after compiling an extraordinary 77-10-5 record, was a man in a quandary at Saturday's Bowling Green-Miami battle for the Mid-American championship. "I've got implicit faith and respect for our own players and coaches," said Perry. "Many played for me. But look at Miami. The head coach is Bo Schembechler, the first assistant I hired when I came to Bowling Green. Their end coach, Jack Hecker, was my first captain. Jim Young, their defensive backfield coach, was my fullback. My son-in-law is their defensive coach. When we're in the stands my wife and my daughter are sitting side by side rooting for opposite teams."

THEY SAID IT

- Sandy Koufax, Dodger pitching star and a bachelor, recalling that mothers are always trying to marry daughters off to professional men: "If anybody knows a lady doctor, that would make my mother happy."
- Bing Crosby, prospective hockey-club owner, on the question of player supply if the NHL is expanded: "From what I hear, there isn't enough talent around now to make Boston and New York respectable contenders."
- Chena Gilstrap, Arlington State football coach, on his team's low standing in the Southland Conference: "We've been in the cellar so long we've got watermarks."

END

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Now it's up to you!



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 40 & 50 PROOF, IMPORTED BY MORTON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. © M&R, 1985



Quaker State your car— to keep it running young.



Your car will run at its lively, youthful best with years-ahead Quaker State Motor Oil. It's made only from 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's choicest and most costly crude oil. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, saves you money. Always ask for Quaker State by name—it's your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

THE BEARS UNPACK 'EM

The running of a swift, sensational rookie, Gale Sayers, and a belligerent defense lifted Chicago to the upset of the year over unbeaten Green Bay, the other party in pro football's rowdiest bonfire of a feud by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

Playing against the Bears in Chicago has never been anybody's idea of a frolic except, perhaps, for a few masochists who might enjoy learning to walk again. There is something about the slopes and beams of Wrigley Field, the scraggly ivy on the red brick wall, the sight of the apartment towers over by the lakefront and the presence of George Halas, marching the sidelines like an emperor, that arouses in the Bears a dedication matched only by the people in the stands. It is probably not much worse than playing against the French in Paris on Bastille Day. Unless, that is, the visiting team is the Green Bay Packers, in which case the fever rises all over town and few escape being touched by it.

"A Bear-Packer game does not have to be crucial, as this one has been labeled, to attract the morbid among us," wrote Harry Sheer in *Chicago's American* on Saturday. "Bears and Packers grow up in an environment of hate and suspicion of the enemy. A wound stripe from a Bear-Packer encounter becomes something to cherish, right through the years of Social Security. . . . This is the game where you learn what it must have been like in the days of the Neanderthal man."

Last one lose perspective among such confessions of hostility, what Mr. Sheer was talking about was a football game, though there were few people in the Midwest last week who would have called it by so simple a name. In truth, it is seldom an ordinary game when the

Bears and the Packers play, as they now have 94 times. The two teams—one from a sprawling, smoky city flushed with conventioners roaring along Rush Street, and the other from a small dairy and farming town—are tied for the most NFL championships with eight each, and they are close enough in geography to work up a fine anger about it.

The Packers have won two league and three division championships in the past five seasons. For the Bears, the only glory in a decade came in 1963 when they won the Western Division and then beat the Giants for the championship with a team that was accorded scant respect save for its defensive ability.

That 1963 team had Bill Wade at quarterback, whereas this current Bear team has Bill Wade on the bench. Whether that is a matter of good fortune is still open to argument, but the Bears did have undeniable luck in 1963. They had almost no important injuries, and they had the knack—as many championship teams have had—of being able to win on their off days, of running into an opponent who was a bit sloppier. In 1964 the Bears fell off to a 5-9 record, and the talk of their new, simplified defense was an echo that no one listened to. The fault that showed up was the one that had been there all along but had been overcome by defense and destiny. Other than throwing the ball to Mike Ditka, the tight end who is built like a buffalo but can move like a rabbit, or to little John-

ny Morris, the NFL pass-catching record holder, the Bears had no offense. When Halfback Willie Galtimore and End John Farrington were killed in a car crash before the 1964 season began, that finished the Bears.

The start this year was no better. After three games—all on the road, away from the home comforts and inspirations of Wrigley Field—the Bears were 0-3. They still had no offense and their defense had degenerated (it gave up 52 points to San Francisco). But, ah, that third game. Something special happened in that third game.

With the score 20-0 against him at the half, Halas asked Bill Wade to sit down and he put in Rudy Bukich. Thin could not be construed as exactly a desperation move, for Bukich completed 62% of his 160 passes last season and threw for 12 touchdowns in the final four games. But Wade was the championship quarterback and Bukich had been merely someone else in uniform during his career with Washington and Pittsburgh before he joined the Bears. With Bukich, Halas summoned a fullback named Andy Livingston, a young man who is 6 feet and weighs 234 pounds and ran the 100 in 9.7 before he tore the muscles of one leg away from his pelvis

continued

In a display of Chicago's new offensive power, Gale Sayers bolts past linebacker Ray Wietheke on his way to 16-yard second-quarter score.





in a high school game in Mesa, Ariz.

Livingston is hardly a Harvard man. He got his high school diploma while earning credits at a junior college. He became a dropout because of an appendicitis infection that required four operations. Halas heard about him from a former Bear halfback and acting on an impulse born of urgent need, sent him a plane ticket after the deaths of Gallimore and Farrington.

Livingston was 20 years old when he played that second half against Green Bay. Obviously, he had no business being there. So he ran seven times for 70 yards and caught two passes for 37 yards. The Bears moved for 309 yards in that second half, outscored Green Bay 14-3 and have been looking back at everybody since.

"This could be the start of something," Halas said after that game. It was. The Bears beat the Rams, the Vikings and the Lions in a row. Their big, fast middle linebacker, Dick Butkus, began to shed his rookie mistakes. Weak-side Linebacker Larry Morris, who had missed all the exhibition games as well as the opener, returned in good health. Morris is of tremendous importance to the Bears because he removes worries about technical mistakes from the 6-foot-8, 255-pound defensive end, Doug Atkins, and lets Atkins play his favorite game, which is smothering quarterbacks and knocking down runners. And the Bears found themselves one more runner—and maybe the most vital one to the success of the team—if runner is enough of a word to use for Gale Sayers.

At Kansas, where he set a Big Eight rushing record, Sayers was both a brilliant runner and pass receiver, and the Bears took him and Butkus as their two top draft choices. Some scouts were less than ecstatic about Sayers because they felt he was not much of a blocker. With the Bears, he blocks. He is no Forrest Evashevski, but he does ram his helmet into people, particularly when the other deep back is on a kick return. Some scouts also said Sayers does not run inside, but the Bears do not believe that and, as it has turned out, Sayers runs inside very well. Going into the Green Bay game, Sayers had rushed for 236 yards,

was leading the league in kickoff returns and was tied in scoring with nine touchdowns, including four in one game. A television announcer asked Sayers if scoring four touchdowns was his greatest thrill, and he replied, simply and beautifully, "No."

Last Sunday conditions were perfect for the Bear fans. Green Bay was unbeaten, but Chicago was on the way up. A ticket scalper, interviewed on television, admitted he was selling his tickets for \$35 each and expected the price to rise. The day arrived cool and bright, and the Bear fans—cloth hats, jackets over sweatshirts, black leather shoes, many of them carrying paper sacks—squeezed themselves three-deep in aisles that a fashion model could barely walk down. Wrigley Field holds only 46,000, and the people were jammed in so tight that they could not be certain whose mouth they were sticking their hot dogs into. "They all think this is the championship game," said Bear Publicist Dan Desmond. "Everybody in the Midwest is trying to get in."

The Packers had flirted with trouble the previous two weeks. They got behind Detroit by 21-3 before winning, and they could gain just 63 yards in total offense against Dallas. Their big backs—Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung—did not seem to be running as well as in the past, and Quarterback Bart Starr had not been releasing the ball as quickly as he once did. But the Packers were undefeated and appeared unperturbed as they received the opening kickoff and marched it 69 yards for a touchdown, even though Starr was belted hard twice and temporarily left the game.

By the end of the first quarter, however, Sayers had made himself felt. Trying to kick away from Sayers, Don Chandler got off a short punt and the Bears moved quickly to the Green Bay 18, where an outstanding play by Packer Linebacker Dave Robinson in a one-on-one situation stopped Sayers from scoring with a pass. The Bears got a field goal and started another drive that was halted by Livingston's fumble. Then, in less than three minutes, the Bears had two touchdowns off two interceptions. One was a grab of a baited ball by Atkins, followed by a pass to rookie Jim Jones on a flag pattern. The next was an interception by Bennie McRae, and Sayers turned it into a touchdown by out-running Packer Backs Herb Adderley

and Willie Wood into the end zone on a sweep to the right. A field goal by Chandler left Chicago ahead 17-10 at the half.

Early in the third quarter Sayers escaped on a 63-yard punt return, swerving through several Green Bay tacklers to the Packer 15, and Jon Arnett scored for Chicago from the one. Sayers and Livingston were running hard, but so were Arnett and Ronnie Bull. Bukich, with a 14-point lead, played it cautious with traps and influence blocking, and the Bear ground game kept going. Starr was having problems.

The Bears were not blitzing as much as usual but they were getting a heavy rush from their front four, and Starr had to keep his backs in to block, sending only two or three receivers downfield. He had some success in beating Right Safety Dave Whitsett to the outside, usually with Max McGee, but even that went sour. Whitsett, waiting and watching, cut inside McGee for another interception that earned to the Green Bay six. Although the Bears did not score that time because of an interception by Doug Hart in the end zone on the same flag pattern to Jones, they got the ball again and hammered it 62 yards on the ground. Bull scored on a sweep from the four to make it 31-10, and that was that.

The Packers, now 6-1, still appear to be headed toward the championship of the Western Division, but their offense has been inept lately and they need a resurgence by Taylor, Hornung and Starr. Green Bay has always relied on execution and pure force to move the ball, rather than on cuteness or speed. Now that their execution and force are sputtering, they need a back with the outside speed of a Sayers.

"Sayers outran us," Green Bay Coach Vince Lombardi said after he had walked through a barrage of insults from delirious Bear fans. "We misjudged him at least half the time. He's a great back. This is a better Bear club than the one that won the championship in 1963. Far better." Next week the Bears will have to prove it against the Colts, the Western Division champions of 1964, and the Packers will try their faltering offense against the tough defense of Detroit. But as far as Bear fans are concerned, plenty was proved last Sunday. Beating the Packers, for them, was worth declaring a holiday. Maybe they could call it Halloween. **END**

Dave Whitsett gets his fingertips on a Bert Starr pass for the third interception by a fiery Bear defense to foreclose the last Green Bay hopes.

LOST BULLETS IN DISASTERVILLE

Baltimore's Bullets were supposed to shoot their way into title contention in the National Basketball Association this season, but two weeks of apathy and calamity forced the trade of their number one gunslinger **by MARK KRAM**

It was their fourth game of the year, and the Baltimore Bullets had just shown their new coach, Paul Seymour, another interesting way to lose. Mildly put, this was on Seymour's mind, as well as on almost everyone else's in the Baltimore locker room. But suddenly, skittering through the quiet, someone's whistle began running merrily up and down the scale. Losing, thought Seymour, was bad enough; he had suffered that condition often as a player himself, though he was never indifferent to it. But this was too much. He did not have to look far for

the whistler: Walt Bellamy, usually about as cheering a sight as a hearse and nearly as big, was just beginning another trill.

"Walt!" snapped Seymour. "Lay off the birdseed! If you want to perform, just ask. There's the table, and we can always get a spotlight."

Bellamy being Bellamy, he received this advice with a customary loud and inexpressive silence. But Seymour has become impervious to vocal or implied discord from his players. By last weekend he seemed already beyond his capacity to endure the antics of the most unpre-

dictable team in sports. During the week the Bullets split two games with the Detroit Pistons, a hustling but inept gang of track stars who collaborated with Baltimore in horrendous exhibitions of church-basement basketball, and lost to Cincinnati and Boston. After the loss to Detroit, Seymour was stunned. Detroit's Bill Buntin, a flabby, wheezing 6-foot-7 rookie and a "mark" for the league's pivotmen, had scored 25 points in 27 minutes. "We made All-League out of Buntin," said Seymour. "But if he's not that good—where does it leave us?"

Where indeed? Where have the brightest prospects for an NBA team in years flown to, leaving the dry, bitter taste of ashes in the mouth of Paul Seymour? Only a few weeks ago, after an era of constant change in ownership, coaching and player personnel, the Bullets franchise appeared secure in these and other areas. The Baltimore Civic Center, garishly futuristic from the outside, is a fine and comfortable place to play, no small asset to any NBA team, and especially one trying to create new fans in competition with popular professional baseball and football clubs. The Baltimore press has been perhaps the most generous and uncritical in the league, eschewing the sniping attacks repeatedly launched on the world champions in Boston or the silent treatment endured by the 76ers in Philadelphia. The new owners—Earl Foreman (a partner of Philadelphia Eagles' boss Jerry Wolman), Abe Pollin and Arnie Heft (a former NBA official)—are knowledgeable about the game, determined to produce a winner and not reluctant to pay the necessary price. They pushed another experienced basketball man, Buddy Jeannotte, up to general manager when they made their best move to date, the hiring of Paul Seymour.

Even as a player, Seymour was marked with the intelligence, tactical skill and strong-mindedness characteristic of po-

Frustration contorts the face of Coach Seymour as he watches his Bullets against Royals.



sential coaching material. And he was a competitor—"the toughest, meanest guy I ever played against," says Bill Sharman, for years the Celtics' All-Pro guard opposite Cousy. A tenacious, non-stop defender against the fearful firepower that the Celtics threw at his Syracuse team, Seymour was a key participant in the often rough playoff games between these two clubs. NBA Sportscaster Buddy Blattner characterizes him aptly as "a backroom brawler with polish." The Baltimore Bullets, everyone agreed, would play for Paul Seymour.

The team Seymour inherited seemed to have every ingredient for championship contention. First, considering the most relentless strategic factor in the professional game—the necessity to counter Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell—there was the 6-foot-11 Bellamy, remarkably mobile and strong enough to give any team he played for an even chance against Philadelphia and Boston. And he could overpower the smaller or less aggressive pivotmen he faced. With him on the front line were two excellent shooters, Gus Johnson and Barclay Howell, the former fast and quickly acquiring finesse, the latter slower but smart. Backing them up, more than adequately, were Wayne Hightower and the recently acquired Johnny Kerr. Guard Don Ohl was one of the best shooters in uniform anywhere, Kevin Loughery was rapidly improving in backcourt judgment, and along came rangy Jerry Sloan to run the whole show, as he had shown he could do so well at Evansville. Sloan, not opposed to floor burns when a loose ball is at stake, was Seymour's kind of player—a rugged defender, an unselfish playmaker.

Then the roof of every arena the Bullets played in fell on Paul Seymour. The disaster began when Johnson injured his left wrist and was lost for six weeks. Sloan acquired a badly jammed thumb. And the rest of the first-stringers appeared deaf to Seymour's instructions, pleas, shouts and even his rages. On offense they barely ran, and the defense was painful to watch. No one but Kerr or Hightower reached for a defensive rebound. Each player seemed to require a basketball of his own, he gave it up that reluctantly. Seymour was aware that last season Johnson and Bellamy whined constantly because Ohl, Howell and Loughery allegedly refused to move the ball their way. He was unable to change the situation. For their part,

Johnson and Bellamy acted as if "assist" were a dirty word. They carried this silly affair a ludicrous step further by severing their own alliance and did not even pass the ball to each other. Hightower had something to say on the subject when he began playing in Johnson's place: he never saw the ball, apparently because the others thought Johnson was still there. "Man!" he screamed during one period of inactivity, "there's two sides to this court!"

With all this, Seymour's biggest problem was the personality of Walt Bellamy. Thinking of it brought to his face the expression of a man who has just gulped a hemlock mallet. When the effort of watching Bellamy's laggard behavior on the court became too much for him, he surveyed the stands as if looking for a place to hide. (Jeannette vainly looked for customers; thanks to the team's nonperformance, Stripper Blaze Starr was drawing more patrons at the 2 O'Clock Club just a few blocks away.)

Seymour is by no means the first coach to find it impossible to reach Bellamy. Jack McMahon had him in Chicago and abhorred him. Bob Leonard once wanted to throw him out of a hotel window but settled for fining him \$400 for his insolence. Jeannette still rolls his eyes at the mention of the name.

By last weekend everyone in Baltimore had had enough. Jeannette arranged a trade with New York that took Bellamy off Seymour's back. In return the Bullets got a center in Bud News Barnes, a reserve guard in Johnny Egan and a forward in Johnny Green, who will help out until Gus Johnson is again available.

Jeannette called Seymour in and told him the good news. After they exchanged expressions of relief and congratulated each other, Seymour asked who would tell Walt Bellamy.

"This one," said Jeannette, who had suffered longer than Seymour. "is mine. I claim the privilege."

END

Dejection envelops General Manager Jeannette as he reflects on empty rows around him.



Barefoot in the Driver's Seat

Back in those early autumn days of innocence when people believed in teams like Texas and LSU, the only thing that set Michigan State apart was the bare right foot of Place Kicker Dick Kenney, a Hawaiian who leaves the crowds wincing as he puts his toes squarely into the ball. But as it turned out, there was more to the Spartan offense than Kenney's flashing pedicure. There was, for instance, another Hawaiian, sophomore Fullback Bob Apisa, who Saturday ran his touchdown total to nine (tops in the Big Ten) by scoring three more as State made Northwestern its seventh straight victim 49-7. Virtually assured the Big Ten title and a Rose Bowl bid, Michigan State, with a meaner schedule than either Arkansas (page 30) or Nebraska (page 38), leads a three-team dogfight for national honors. But therein lies its problem. While the other two have easier teams left to play, State has a November 20 date with Notre Dame.

WALTER PHOTO JR





Pastoral and remote for so long, Arkansas has gained a new image, thanks to the brilliance of runners like Harry Jones (right) and an excitable coach named Frank Broyles, who has become...



GRIMACING JONES HAS MORE TROUBLE WITH HIS HELMET THAN WITH ENEMY LINES

THE MAN FOR THE NEXT FEW SEASONS

by DAN JENKINS

An, yew bet. There's White River channel cat—Frank Broyles likes it better than steak, ask anyone—and strawberries, as big and red as Harry Jones's helmet, and fried chicken so tender and flavory it makes a man want to weep. There's good duck hunting and better fishing. You mean you've never thrown a hook in Bull Shoals? There's the Watermelon Festival in Hope, the Grape Festival in Tontitown, the Diamond Cave in Jasper, the Bracken Ridge Lodge Doll Museum in Eureka Springs and the Oil Jubilee in Magnolia. General Douglas MacArthur got himself born in Little Rock, of course, and there was Fay Templeton, the actress, Bob Burns, the comedian, and Albert Pike—he wrote something or other. You also got

to consider that Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, sitting up there on his hill, likes it pretty good. It isn't as though the state of Arkansas never had anything to be proud of before Frank Broyles taught the Razorbacks to bristle and snout. But God love Frank Broyles, and don't cash his personal check. Frame it.

There is a special kind of hysteria in Arkansas now. It is the kind that comes only with a winning college football team. It dabs small, rosy blotches of pride on the cheeks of everyone. And it spreads like measles. It happened in Oklahoma with Bud Wilkinson, in Iowa with Forest Evashevsky, in Mississippi with Johnny Vaught, in Texas with Darrell Royal and in Alabama with Bear Bryant. A man comes along—the right

man at the right time—to organize things, rally the people, put fire in the athletes, build a winning tradition, and, suddenly, there is an empire. Arkansas is the newest, and those old familiar ones—"Boomer, Sooner," "Hook 'em Horns" and "Roll, Tide"—are being drowned out by a curious new one: "Whoooo, pig, soooey." And Coach Frank Broyles—you will simply have to forgive this—is the soooey with the fringe on top.

Thanks to Broyles, a tall, talkative, excitable, evangelistic native of Georgia, the hysteria is reaching out in all directions. The banker, the farmer, the mechanic, the housewife, the grade-school student—they are all afflicted. They wear red, the university color, almost all of the time, but especially to the games. "We've been talking it up on the radio," says Publicity Man Bob Cheyne, who puts a huge white gardenia with a red "A" into his lapel on Saturdays. "We want a giant mass of red in those stands." The people put signs on their cars, and banners on their homes and businesses. They jam the enlarged stadiums in both Fayetteville and Little Rock, whether the opponent happens to be mortal-enemy Texas or easy-prey North Texas State. They talk football and think football all across the state, and now they are learning the songs that a man named J. Paul Scott keeps writing.

There are frug-type songs, like *The Wild Hog*, *The Big Red* and *Razorback Number One*, and there are folk ballads like *Quarterbackin' Man* (\$4, Oct. 25) and *Light Hoss Harry*, which tell of the virtues of Quarterback Jon Brittenum and Hurryin' Harry Jones, the splendid halfback (see cover), who is Arkansas' fastest and most exciting runner since Lance Alworth. Even Oklahoma did not have that many songs, and the Sooners once won 47 straight games.

Small wonder for the hysteria. Last week Arkansas won its 19th game in a row, 31-0 over Texas A&M, and this happens to be the longest winning streak extant among major colleges. Arkansas scored its 227th point of the season for a seven-game average of 32.4 (the nation's fourth best). The victory not only kept the Razorbacks seriously in the

running for what would be their second straight national championship, it edged them nearer to a more modest but no less important goal: Broyles' fifth outright or shared Southwest Conference title in the last eight seasons. That, incidentally, would be a record and—soooey, pig!—one more title than Texas' Darrell Royal has.

All of this seems just and proper in the happily mad Ozarks because even Frank Broyles admits that this team, at this stage, is his best ever. It is quick and

fiery as always—like Texas and Alabama at their best, except bigger. It is like Oklahoma in its unbeatable days, except smoother. It has all of the trademarks of any solid fundamental team: vicious defense, sound running and splendid kicking. But it has something more—the pass. Arkansas not only throws now, it likes to throw, and it does this from Broyles' own version of the theatrical formation.

Right here it might be important to note the difference between Broyles' I

continued



SMILING BROYLES, A RELAXED MAN AT PRACTICE, IS A RIOT OF NERVES AT GAME

and the one he learned from John McKay of USC, who is, like Royal, a close friend of Broyles. It is important because it reveals that Broyles can adjust to a trend yet preserve his own philosophy of the game. McKay's pure I, for example, is basically a two-back offense. It splits an end to the weak side and places a flanker to the strong side. Broyles, however, refusing to yield running strength, has fashioned a three-back I, splitting his

for the job during September workouts. Brittenum told Broyles, "Coach, I know you aren't sure who the quarterback's gonna be, but it's me."

"I knew then," Broyles says.

Brittenum is the player who carried Arkansas on that 80-yard drive in the last four minutes to overcome Texas, then No. 1, 27-24, while the Fayetteville stadium burst apart with unbearable drama and national television enjoyed

that's something else," says Broyles. "People are trying to compare him with Alworth, and it's unfair. Lance was great for us, and he's a great pro. But Harry is bigger, probably faster, and can cut. Mainly, though, Harry is on a better team. He's—well, just fantastic."

Jones is a good-looking junior from Enid, Okla., who was born in Huntington, W. Va., the son of a Christian minister. (Broyles is the first Arkansas coach to recruit successfully outside the state; in fact, five members of the defensive unit are Texans.) Last season—it figures—Jones was a regular defensive safety, and even this season he was battling with Brittenum for the quarterback job up until the opening game.

The reason for the slow discovery of Jones was not because Broyles dislikes big, fast halfbacks who can gain 565 yards in seven games, averaging 8.4 yards per carry. These are Jones's impressive statistics this year. In amassing his yardage he has broken four times for runs of more than 50 yards and scored six touchdowns, two of them from 50 and 83 yards out, respectively, the first time he touched the ball in different games.

Nobody likes speed more than Broyles. "Luck follows speed," is his major contribution to football's stockpile of instant clichés.

"The reason," says Broyles, "is pretty complicated. First, Harry was a sprint-out quarterback in high school. That's all he did. Sprint out and disappear. That's all he had to do. Well, last year he was afraid he wasn't going to get to play as a sophomore. So he begged for a chance to make the defensive team, and we had no one better. At defense he didn't get to learn enough about reading blocks, hitting the holes, changing directions and running pass patterns to beat out anyone at halfback, and he couldn't throw well enough to beat out Fred Marshall at quarterback. Last spring and this September we had to keep him at quarterback because we weren't sure Brittenum would come through. But Jon did. The main thing, however, is that Jim Lindsey got hurt at wingback. Jones got in there, and man, oh, man."

Says Broyles, "Harry still doesn't quite know what he's doing, but he has such tremendous natural ability it doesn't seem to matter."

Despite the facts that Arkansas has Jones and a good passing game, it is still its defense—quick, smart, alert, and



BENEFACTOR AND BENEFICIARY. Coach Broyles and Arkansas President David Mullins, whose salary goes up when legislature raises Broyles's pay, gave fondly on practicing players.

sensational end, Bobby Crockett, who catches most passes falling on his wishbone, to the strong side, and then using a slot back. The Broyles I thus prevents the defense from overshifts.

The formation, as well as the team, is further enhanced by the presence of red-shirt junior Jon Brittenum at quarterback. All last season Brittenum ran opposing plays against the varsity while being held out to gain seasoning. His emergence as the fastest, best-throwing, best-combined runner-thrower Broyles has had at Arkansas has much to do with the team's current success.

"We didn't know whether he'd develop or not," says Broyles, a former quarterback himself at Georgia Tech. Brittenum did. When he was still scrambling

its best college production. He hit six passes in the drive, five of them to Crockett, as Broyles—his shirttail out, his arms flapping—nearly went insane, along with everybody on the bench.

But just when the opponent thinks Arkansas will pass, it runs. And how. There will go hurtling Bobby Burnett, jarring Jim Lindsey, both veterans, or Harry Jones, particularly Harry Jones, who is the new ingredient—more so even than Brittenum—that makes Arkansas better than last year.

Harry Jones is 6 feet 2, weighs 195 and merely runs a 9.7 dash. He is a high-waisted, long-legged, tough, darting runner who is gone—really gone—when he turns a corner.

"He can cut sharp at top speed, and

Ready to try a great, fresh taste?

Newport
tastes
fresher!

Mild, natural menthol.
Cool-tasting tobaccos.
White filter, too.



and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette!

"Barbara, this is
embarrassing.
We didn't give him
Scotch this good."



Johnnie Walker Red, a most appreciated gift. So smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

positively vulpine at seizing on mistakes—that has shredded most of the victims. It is a defense led by two wondrously big and agile tackles, Loyd Phillips and Jim Williams; a defense so unusually quick in its lateral movements that it can use dozens of stunts, and a defense that aggressively contains an opponent. Its members scramble, swarm and punch from Broyles's aptly named "monster" alignment, trying to inflict indelusions on the foe.

The "monster" defense is merely a 5-4 alignment with an overshifted line-backer to the opponent's strong side. It was invented by Ray Graves, now the Florida coach, when both Graves and Broyles were assistants under Bobby Dodd at Georgia Tech. "We have maybe 16 or 17 variations on it now," says Broyles, "because athletes keep getting better, showing you more things you can do with them."

Strangely enough, the man who has refined this defense, adjusted to the passing game, replaced quick little men with quick big men, and who has put all of this together—the winning teams, the spirit, the organization—is relatively unknown outside the coaching fraternity. Who is Frank Broyles, anyhow? Even the most casual college fans have come to know Royal and Bryant, Duffy Daugherty and Ara Parseghian, and perhaps a few others. But Arkansas is so pastoral and remote, so new to success, that Broyles has remained unfamiliar. Last year, for example, although he had one of the only two teams with a perfect record after the bowl games, Broyles had to settle for co-coach of the Year with Notre Dame's Parseghian.

He is, first of all, rich, or rapidly getting that way. Broyles's salary at Arkansas has risen through five raises in eight years from \$15,000 to \$23,500. This is a good deal for Arkansas President David Mullins, too. Under Arkansas custom the coach cannot earn more than the college president, so every time Broyles gets a raise, so does the president. The contract for his TV program ("It's incredible," says one coach in Little Rock, seen throughout the state, nets him \$10,000 more. Such lucrative arrangements do not make a man wealthy, of course, except that you can spend very little in Arkansas. Especially if people keep framing your checks instead of cashing them. It happens. Service stations, grocery stores, other small businesses, have

(continued)

Duofold's Operation **Deep Freeze** makes warm-blooded girls...



and men to go with them.

For her we make parkas born for the slopes—and admiring eyes. Pretty paisley prints, and a new slim look shaped for action. For him we create the new tow coat look, trimmed for bulk-free movement. For both, true professional performance in the unique, ounces-light 4-layer fabric. Four separate protective barriers and three insulating air spaces—all in less than an quarter-inch. This is Duofold '65—the parkas that make all the difference. A fine store near you is bound to carry them. Or write Duofold Inc., Mohawk, N.Y.



framed Broyles's cheeks and hung them on their walls.

More important, Broyles's closest friend is Jack Stevens, a Little Rock millionaire. Stevens handles nearly all of Broyles's money, which is to say he invests it wisely. Broyles does not have any life-insurance costs—the university took out a \$150,000 policy when he arrived. The car he drives is free, from a sponsor. Furthermore, until this year Broyles has never splurged. He used to give his wife, Barbara, a dishwasher for Christmas, but last time it was a truck. He used to give her a sewing machine for her birthday. Last time a diamond. Finally, his home is being enlarged—he has six children, to about 3,800 square feet and a worth of some \$55,000. Jack Stevens, one hears, has invested most wisely.

You would never guess, however, that Broyles would like to be wealthy—that he would like to do anything but play golf and coach football. He does not ever smoke or drink. ("He's a grand guy," says a coaching associate, "but I

wouldn't want to be trapped with him on V-J Day"), and he kicks off his shoes under the table of a fancy restaurant. His dialect is as southern as a plantation owner's, yet his manner of dress is neat, almost Ivy. He loves to talk. "One thing about Frank," says an appreciative football writer, "is that you call him up for a column, and you're stuck for an hour getting eight columns."

Like most coaches Broyles is an incessant worrier, which forces him into nervous soliloquies but when things are going well he is given to manic fits of verbal elation. He is lavish in his praise of his staff, to whom he delegates authority with ease and assurance. And he makes lightning decisions. "That's the main thing I learned from Dodd," he says. "You have to get good assistants and trust them, let them do their jobs and make your mind up quickly."

Largely, Broyles enjoys talking about Arkansas and how it was just sitting there, waiting for somebody to do the job.

"When I was at Georgia Tech, and we were constantly fighting Georgia for athletes, we used to sit around and think how wonderful it would be to have a whole state to ourselves," he says. "I tried like the dickens in 1953 to get this job, when they gave it to Bowden Wyatt, and I tried again in 1955, when they gave it to Jack Mitchell. But I'm glad now that I didn't get it then. It wasn't ready. It was perfect when I arrived. I knew it would be good—one school in the state with no pro teams to compete for interest and the whole state against every Southwest Conference team. After all, I left my first head job at Missouri after only one year to go to Arkansas."

Broyles arrived in 1958 when Arkansas's physical plant was just taking shape. Athletic Director John Barnhill had been screaming slowly for the funds, and getting them, to build the stadium in Little Rock, to enlarge the Fayetteville stadium, to build a new field house and a new athletic dormitory.

"Thanks to Barney," Broyles says,

N.Y. ANTS VS. L.A. FLEAS? NEVER WITH THIS PERSONAL TV.

Ever try watching a football game on one of those teeny televisions? It's like watching the N.Y. Ants vs. the L.A. Fleas. Try putting a 280-pound tackle on a 4-inch screen and you'll get the picture.

Not with PANASONIC personal TV's. We make ours light and compact like the teeny ones, but we also make our picture tubes big enough for you to see home-crunching tackles...and appreciate it.

Take our TR-900D for instance. It's completely transistorized, cool-operating, and very, very light. Yet, it has a full nine-inch screen. And, it can be played almost anywhere—on AC house current, on batteries, even on a car battery. We also have a couple of features the others don't have. Like an "Auto Timer" that turns the set off automatically at any pre-set time up to an hour, and pop up antenna.

Look into PANASONIC personal TV. Even if you don't like football, you'll get a big kick out of it.



PANASONIC
by MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC

Pat Am Building 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



The 9-inch PANASONIC TR-900D...\$139.95

sincerely, "Arkansas had begun to lose its old image, that of a north-west Arkansas institution. At last, it had something good to show the athletes, and keep the good ones from leaving the state. South Arkansas kids used to go to LSU and east Arkansas kids used to slip away to Ole Miss. Well, look who got away. Players like Don Hutson, Bear Bryant, Ken Kavanaugh. Lots of 'em. In the old days, if you didn't sign a kid in his home, you didn't sign him. You couldn't let him see the campus."

Now you can. And you can send Frank Broyles to talk to him, anywhere. "Tell you what," says one Razorback rooter. "Frank'll get out of bed with a fever and come talk to your booster club, and he'll draw 500 folks in the smallest hitty town."

The improvements continue with the victories. Pre-Broyles, there were just three Arkansas booster clubs in the state. Now: 23. Pre-Broyles, the Fayetteville stadium held 31,000. Next year: 51,000. Pre-Broyles, the Little Rock sta-

dium held 32,000. Now: 47,000. The athletic dorm is being redecorated, with study and recreational rooms added. The legislature is even cooperating. Beyond the point of raising the salaries of Broyles, his assistants and President Mullins. A bill may soon pass that will consolidate more high schools in the state, which means that 50 more schools will be playing football. "And you might get 10 or 12 pretty good boys out of those," smiles Frank.

One last factor in Arkansas' favor is an ideal schedule, annually. First, Broyles got rid of Ole Miss as a steady opponent. "The Texas game could never be our big one as long as we were going to meet Ole Miss, too," he says. "Besides, seven conference teams is enough tearer-uppers." Next, in every season since 1961 he has scheduled a hand-chosen patsy—Northwest Louisiana (42-7), Hardin-Summons (49-7), Tulsa (56-7), Wichita (17-0) and North Texas (56-20)—to follow the Texas game. Next year: Kansas State. "It gives us a mental rest," he says. "It's a

definite advantage. As General Neyland used to say, 'When they look back at that 9-1 they don't ask who the nine were.'"

When he first came to Arkansas, Broyles had a little trouble selling the soft spot in the schedule to the fans, many of whom were disappointed to lose Ole Miss. But he was speaking to a booster group a few years ago and a fellow in the audience spoke up.

"Coach," he said, "it looks like to me if we're tryin' to win a lot of ball games, it would be nice to have several North-west Louisianas on our schedule."

Broyles squeaked delightedly, like a sooty pig.

"You're right, brother!" he yelped. "Brother, you're right."

But as Frank Broyles is proving now, it does not much matter who Arkansas plays. The results seem to be the same. Some day, perhaps not in the very near future, J. Paul Scott will have to write a song about a very unique occasion: the day Arkansas lost.

END

Most Styles \$19.95 to \$39.50

A Better Place to Stand

First in Quality!

NUNN-BUSH
ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

In the earnest pursuit of quality, Nunn-Bush is elevating shoemaking to the level of fine arts. *Functional style gratifies eye and foot.* Achieved with improved patterns and extra hand operations, Nunn-Bush calls it *Ankle-Fashioning* . . . the most important shoemaking advance of the century! Are you paying the price of Nunn-Bush Shoes without getting them?

UPPER, Style 257 — Brown American Grain Calfskin. Shadow Antiqued Finish. Vented Leather Lining. Leather Sole. Rubber Heel. Also in Black. LOWER, Style 2536 — Brown Ansell Grain Calfskin Shadow Antiqued. Leather Sole. Rubber Heel. Also in Black. • Nunn-Bush Shoe Company • Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211. Also made at: 430 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada • Progress 172, Mexico City 16, D. F. Mexico.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

The one thing that can be confidently asserted in this most unnerving season is that college coaches no longer worry about three yards and a cloud of dust. Even a cloud of touchdowns does not guarantee safety. Witness the last lost weekend: Princeton ran up 45 points on Brown but gave up 27. Georgia had to score 26 in the last period to edge North Carolina 47-35, and Michigan, Michigan State, Syracuse and Arkansas accumulated 181 points against respectable opposition. By contrast, Nebraska's 16-14 win over Missouri (below) seemed almost antediluvian, but in importance it ranked well above the rest

Missouri's Dan Devine, the loser, looked like a man who had just learned that his disease was incurable. He was leaning against a table in the silent gloom of his locker room, whip-dog-tired, a towel around his neck, a paper cup of water in his hand, his large brown eyes fixed vacantly on a lot of things that could have happened. He talked softly and very, very slowly. "I don't think I can remember a team of ours ever playing this well and losing," he said. "But they do too many things too well." They are the relentless Cornhuskers of Nebraska, and this is how they leave you after a football game.

Devine had got them in his own stadium on a warm, picturesque homecoming day, before the largest crowd (58,000) ever to see a sports event in the state—the perfect upset situation in one

of the most important college football games of the year—and he had got them 14-0 down in the first quarter with a poised, vicious, well-prepared, thoroughly dedicated team of his own. But he had somehow lost, 16-14. And the only explanation seemed to be that Nebraska was overwhelming.

"They are even better than I thought they were," said Devine.

Indeed Nebraska is. The Cornhuskers had to be to get away from Columbia, Mo., with their seventh victory of the season, especially the way they did it. They went into the game as the nation's leading scorers and with the fastest total offense average in the land, but they had not met a really testing opponent and certainly had not been forced to come from behind. Suddenly, against Missouri, they were far behind, farther behind

than any Bob Devaney-coached team had been in seven years.

Missouri simply took the opening kick-off and disrespectfully rammed the ball back 80 yards in 11 plays to a touchdown with shifts, 200-pound Quarterback Gary Lane passing and running to perfection. A hot-and-cold operator who was obviously going to be hot this day, Lane got the score himself on a 22-yard run so slick and weaving it seemed he was meandering through a field of sunflowers, not Nebraska.

Nebraska had hardly recovered from this affront when Missouri's superb defensive back, Johnny Roland, intercepted a pass at midfield, and Lane got hot again. He sent Halfback Charlie Brown tearing through guard for 11 yards, he swept end for 11 more, he shot a 19-yard pass to End Jim Waller. A routine curl-in, and he shed Carl Reese through the middle for another touchdown on one yard out. It all looked so easy you figured the uniforms might have been switched.

Not only was Missouri's offense clicking at this point, the defense, featuring End Russell Washington up front and Roland's jolting play in the seconds, was making the Cornhuskers look almost inept the first three times they had the ball.

But this is the kind of team Nebraska is: big, mobile, deep, patient, mysteriously unemotional, workmanlike and confident. Nebraska is so big that a pro scout commented, "When they run out there, you can see the field tilt." It also has just enough quickness in the backfield with self-assured Quarterback Fred Duda and slushing runners like Harry Wilson and Frankie Solich that a defense, even a tough one like Missouri's, can

continued



After a beautiful fake to Fullback Frank Solich, Nebraska Quarterback Fred Duda (10) races 38 yards in second quarter to Missouri's one to set up second score

*The Thunderbird Touch:
An overhead Safety Convenience Panel*



Plus Thunderbird from London with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low,

or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are: an automatic Highway Pilot speed con-

trol option; more powerful standard V-8—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird



AVAILABLE IN ALL FORD MODELS



**“I was never so cold and wet in my life.
The weather in Alaska was strictly for the birds.
But it was another great test
for the Mark 5 plastic shot shell.”**

**David Ommanney,
the Winchester man
from sunny Africa,
comes hunting in America.**

If you don't recognize our African professional hunter, David Ommanney, we don't blame you.

For one thing, he's not wearing the familiar bush hat he wore in Africa while testing our '64 line of arms and ammo.

Also, he's never, never looked *that* cold in Tanganyika.

But then he's never hunted two weeks in an almost continuous cold drizzle before, either.

Because this is weather, Alaskan style. A persistent rain that soaks clear through so-called waterproof hunting clothes. Chills to the bone. And turns paper shot shells into pulp.

(A hunter we met on the Alaska Peninsula actually had this happen to some shells he carried in his pocket.)

But take our Mark 5 plastic shot shells. It never fazed them.

True, others make plastic shells, and most are waterproof. But the high-brass Mark 5's are made of stronger (33,000 psi) *compression-formed* plastic.

And notice, no base wad. Instead, the shell itself forms a solid shoulder. Shaped



to put powder smack on top of the primer (no corners to hide in), so no power's wasted. This extra wallop, plus the denser patterns from Mark 5's shot-protecting collar, account for the clobbering we gave the geese that morning.

But we're getting ahead of our story.

The reason we brought David to Alaska in the first place was to give him a crack at our brown bear, moose and caribou. But then we discovered the emperor goose, a beautiful game bird found only on the peninsula. It was too much of a temptation. So one morning we passed up big game to go after geese.

The first flight of geese came in high over the blind occupied by David and his partner. Up went a barrage of Mark 5's. And suddenly it was raining geese. Four out of six fell.

When David retrieved his birds, he made a discovery. "Would you look at the thick coat on these emperors!" he said. "It's a good thing the Mark 5's hit so hard. Otherwise they'd never reach the meat for all the feathers."

Well, almost faster than it takes to tell, the Mark 5's knocked down our limit of geese. And though physically we felt miserable, we were in high spirits going back to camp in the rain.

"In all fairness to Alaska," said David, "you've got to admit the shooting here is as good as the weather is bad."



WINCHESTER
Western



Dacron®...
a man's
way to
look great,
stay neat!

LAKELAND knows what goes into a great jacket. That's why this one is a blend of Dacron® polyester, combed cotton and Lycra® spandex. "Dacron" makes it rugged-wearing, wrinkle-resistant, wash & wear. And "Lycra" gives it extra comfort in action. For warmth without weight, the pile lining is 100% Orlon® acrylic. About \$33 at fine stores everywhere. Ask for a Lakeland jacket with "Dacron"—and the stretch comfort of "Lycra".

The finer's registered trademarks.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry.

DU PONT

never relax. The Cornhuskers took their time getting started, but when they did, about six minutes deep in the second quarter, you could almost foretell the result.

The touchdown that got Nebraska back in the game came in just four plays. Wilson squirted around end for five yards. Duda, a thick-legged senior, flipped a 14-yard pass to the split end, Freeman White, who is 6 feet 5 and weighs 230. Wilson then cut through tackle and fled 37 yards to the Missouri one, and Fullback Pete Tatman plowed across. It was 14-7. A ball game.

Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney, a plump, droll fellow even in moments of crisis, said later, "I don't particularly get a bang out of starting games 14-0 behind. But we'd been scoring over 30 points a game, so I didn't really think we were going to get beat by that score. We might have panicked if we hadn't finally found out we could move the ball on the ground. But we're not a rah-rah team. We know if we do our jobs well we'll win. So when we found out we could run, our problem was solved."

Duda solved it almost singlehanded. The next time Nebraska got the ball, still in the second quarter, he drove the Cornhuskers 89 yards for another touchdown. The drive was Nebraska at its brutal best. Solich for seven, Tatman for three, Solich for three, Duda for 12, Solich for seven streaking through the middle, Wilson for three, Wilson for two. Monotonous but effective. A giant coming to life.

Finally the biggest moment arrived for Duda. It was fourth down and one at the Missouri 39. The Tigers pulled in tight. Duda faked beautifully to Solich in the middle—the whole stadium tackled Solich—but Duda kept the ball, shot to his left and around the corner. Absolutely no one was there. And Duda went scooting down the sideline for 38 yards to the Missouri one. A moment later Tatman scored his second touchdown.

"We were nervous at first," said Duda. "I've never seen us so tight. We just couldn't react. I wasn't really worried when we were behind 14-0, although Missouri was coming at us like they owned the field and everything on it. I just wanted us to unwind. When our line kicked out on that first touchdown drive, it steadied us."

All of these things combined to steady Nebraska, but Nebraska still was behind 14-13, because Larry Wachholtz, the

placement kicker, was too deliberate on the second conversion try, and did a rare thing for him. He missed, wide. The score in fact remained that way until there were just 11 minutes left in the fourth quarter, and Nebraska was 60 yards away from doing something to change it. You sort of knew the Cornhuskers would, but even Bob Devaney must have started to wonder *when*. Well, it was time.

Ron Kirkland plowed for five yards, and Wilson made three, and Duda ran his keeper again for eight. Chuck Winters got five and Tatman plowed for four. Sheer power. But it was fourth and one at the Missouri 35 now, and right here Missouri helped a little to seal its doom, although Nebraska truly looked as if it were thundering along well enough to get there anyhow. What happened was that Winters made enough on a straight blast for the first down at the 32, but a Missouri lineman uttered a remark that an official did not like, and he tacked a 15-yard penalty on the end of Winters' run. So it was first down at the 17. Nebraska promptly crunched on to the nine, and here Larry Wachholtz got a chance to redeem himself. With fourth down and two at the nine and only 5:56 remaining, Devaney played percentages. Wachholtz kicked a 26-yard field goal into the grass horseshoe end of Missouri's Memorial Stadium, and a couple of Nebraska players on the sideline were actually seen to be jumping up and down joyously. "Why, they almost look like kids," said Publicity Man Don Bryant. "How 'bout that?"

The victory was probably the finest of Bob Devaney's sparkling career, the most crucial, the sweetest comeback, all of that. It practically insured him of his first perfect (10-0) record, a goal he has come very close to but never quite made. It seems now that an awful lot of huge Cornhuskers will have to be out sock for Nebraska to lose to any of its last three Big Eight rivals, Kansas, Oklahoma State and Oklahoma. Nebraska's talented middle guard, Walt Barnes, summed up the whole thing—the strength of both teams and the fierce game that it was—when he said, "Missouri almost blew us off the field all day. It's too bad a team like that has to lose."

He is right. Last Saturday the team from Missouri would not have lost to very many others.

—DAN JENKINS

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (7-0) 2. NEBRASKA (7-0) 3. NOTRE DAME (5-1)

Nebraska and MICHIGAN STATE will not meet this year, so nobody will ever know which is truly better. The Spartans, however, continued to look impressive as they thrashed Northwestern 49-7. Their tough line tore into the Wildcat backs with such fury that Northwestern made only seven yards rushing. And once Quarterback Steve Duda got the Statue books going, they mowed Northwestern's defense into small, ineffective pieces. Fullback Bob Apra crashed over for three touchdowns. Halfback Clinton Jones scored a couple and Northwestern's Alex Agase became a believer. "One of the finest teams I've ever seen," he said. "They're too big to run on, they don't give you much time to pass, and I've never seen backs run with such power."

Purdue, so high two weeks before, was all but dead as ILLINOIS throttled the Boilermakers 21-0. Coach Pete Elliott put his jolly green defenders into new alignments—like an eight-man rush and a special defense called Gneese-Go—and thus almost chased Bob Gneese clear out of Memorial Stadium. Bill Harper, a blizzing IES-bound linebacker, hounded Gneese for 74 yards in losses, and once IInd Bo Ratschelder even stole the ball out of his hands. For points Quarterback Fred Custardo threw two touchdown passes, and Fullback Jim Grabowski, who gained 165 yards, plunged for a score. MICHIGAN, Illinois' next opponent, beat Wisconsin 50-14. For a change everything broke right for the hard-luck Wolverines. Quarterback Wally Gubler passed expertly, and Fullback Dave Fisher and Wingback Carl Ward ran with equal felicity.

OHIO STATE's Woody Hayes, it now appears, would rather switch than lose. Last Saturday he went for two points—and made it—and had Quarterback Don Unerferth throwing the ball all over Ohio Stadium. One Unerferth pass scored, and others got the Bucks in range for Hob Funk's 18-yard field goal with 1:17 to go as Ohio State edged Minnesota 11-10.

There was no great hysteria in South Bend last week. The REMEMBRANCE (for USC) had been put away, and maybe that was why Navy led the Irish 3-0—until the last play of the first half. Then Nick Eddy grabbed a screen pass from Quarterback Bill Zloch and ran 55 yards for a touchdown. In the third quarter Zloch and Fullback Larry Conjar went over for scores. Safety Nick Kansas ran back a punt 66 yards and NOTRE DAME eased to a 29-3 win.

While Nebraska and Missouri were playing solid football, others in the Big Eight acted as though the name of the game were laughs. COLORADO and Oklahoma fumbled nine times and were penalized 200 yards

continued

before the Bluffs won out 13-0. EDWA STATE gave away 10 points on fumbles in the first half and then recovered to beat Oklahoma State 14-10. KANSAS intercepted five Kansas State passes, recovered three fumbles and thrashed the Wildcats 34-0.

TULSA's Bill Anderson and Howard Twilley staged another of their air raids to crush Southern Illinois 55-12. Anderson threw for four touchdowns and completed 42 passes to break his own single-game record. Twilley caught 18 for a one-game record and scored twice for a career mark (24). The Mid-American had a new leader as MIAMI of Ohio beat Bowling Green 23-7 to lead by half a game. But the Redskins must still play TLEDO which upset Kent State 7-3.

THE EAST 1. SYRACUSE (5-2) 2. PRINCETON (6-0) 3. NAVY (3-3-1)

For an old paratrooper SYRACUSE's Ben Schwartzwalder has a curious preference for keeping his football on the ground. But it is no wonder when he manages to come up with a superb halfback like Floyd Little, a bursting runner with the moves of a soft-shoe man. Little led Pitt a chase in New York's Shea Stadium. Running mostly out of Schwartzwalder's new crooked I fullback and tailback behind the long side guard in the unbalanced line, he scored on runs of 15, one and 26 yards and tossed in a superb 95-yard kickoff return for a fourth touchdown as the Orange smothered the helpless Panthers 51-13. There was more to Syracuse than just Little, however. Fullback Larry Csonka, a 230-pound sophomore, smashed the Pitt line for 90 yards and the Orange defense brutalized Pitt Passer Kenny Lucas with a frightful rush.

Unbeaten PRINCETON got caught up in a

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Though sitting out the last 22 minutes, Syracuse Halfback Floyd Little, of the bowlegs and startling shifts and bursts of speed, scored four times (one a 95-yard punt return), gained 248 yards in all against Pitt.

THE LINEBACKER: End Bo Buschelder of Illinois made four steals against Purdue, two fumble recoveries and two interceptions, all within 20 minutes. His most spectacular play: a 55-yard run after a theft from Bob Giese's hands.

free-scoring brainbagger with Brown and won 45-27 for its 15th straight, but not before Bruin Quarterback Bob Hall showed that he belongs in the same league with Tiger Tailback Ron Landeck. Hall completed 19 passes for 243 yards and three touchdowns, ran for 95 and scored once. Landeck's 10 completions were good for four touchdowns, he scored one himself and ran for 105 more yards. DARTMOUTH, the Ivy League's other



Washington State's Larry Elmes, who scored team's only touchdown in 10-8 win over Oregon State, is chased by Dan Gould (76) and Jack O'Billovich (55).

undefeated team, had trouble with Yale's Watts Humphrey, who passed the Elis into a 17-7 lead. But the Indians came back strong, scored twice in the last quarter and won 20-17. HARVARD and PENN played to a 10-10 tie, while CORNELL beat Columbia 20-6.

Army, to its surprise, was upset by CDL-GATE 29-28. Ray Ilg, a tough, crashing line-backer, wrecked the Cadet attack, then moved to fullback to smash nine yards for the tying touchdown. The Red Raiders won on Larry Stankovic's placement. Things were easier for BOSTON COLLEGE. With Quarterback John Blair throwing two touchdown passes and Brendan McCarthy and Terry Erwin each scoring twice, the Eagles routed VMI 41-12.

Two other Independents won easily. Rutgers was no match for BOSTON U, as the Terriers won 30-0, while HDLY CRDSS scored its first victory, over Buffalo 20-7.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (5-1-1) 2. GEORGIA TECH (5-1-1) 3. FLORIDA (4-2)

It was Dizzy Dean Dry in Jackson, Miss., and the townspeople gave the old Cardinal a handsome handmade shotgun. But it was MISSISSIPPI that did the shooting in the afternoon game of a day-night doubleheader. Down on its luck this year, Ole Miss dragged favored LSU down to its own level and won 23-0. It was no game after the Bengals lost Nelson Stokley, their good sophomore

quarterback, in the second quarter. Sophomore Fullback Bobby Wade and Halfback Mike Dennis ripped through LSU for 153 yards.

Mississippi State, the other home team, was not so fortunate. ALABAMA came out throwing. Steve Sloan hit Dennis Homan with a 65-yard pass in the third minute and State never recovered. Later, David Ray kicked a 27-yard field goal as 'Bama won 10-7. State Coach Paul Davis did not like the result, but he understood it. "You just can't give Alabama that easy touchdown and then beat them," he said.

Florida, as much a favorite as LSU, was similarly fated to lose. AUBURN, behind 10-0 in the first half, suddenly perked up when Alex Bowen, a seldom-used senior quarterback, came in. He threw two first-down passes, something Auburn almost never does, both for touchdowns, and Linebacker Bill Cody, scoring on a 29-yard pass interception and a fumble recovery, did the rest of the damage as the Tigers won 28-17.

GEORGIA, meanwhile, was involved in a wild one at Chapel Hill. North Carolina, with Danny Talbot passing and running for 318 yards, had the Bulldogs whipped 35-21 going into the last quarter. Then Lynn Hughes, a defensive safety moved to quarterback, scored three times. Preston Riddlehuber broke off a 31-yard run and Georgia won 47-35. GEORGIA TECH, also caught in a free-for-all, beat Duke 35-23, as sophomore Kim King had one of his good days.



He completed 12 of 15 passes for 141 yards and three scores. "Men," said Tech's Bobby Dodd, "we have out-prod the pros."

MARYLAND's busy Tom Nugent, busy switching his coaches, busy switching his arguments and busy switching his players, ended up the week with Safety Fred Cooper at quarterback, which must have been the right thing to do because Maryland took South Carolina 27-14. NORTH CAROLINA STATE came up with a seven-man umbrella pass defense that confounded Virginia's Tom Hodges and won 13-0. CLEMSON, still unbeaten in league play, bombed Wake Forest 26-13 for its fourth ACC win.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (7-0) 2. TEXAS TECH (6-1) 3. SMU (3-2-1)

The thing about SMU is that, in the role of a "breather," it keeps popping up on the schedule—and winning. Four weeks ago the Mustangs tied Purdue, a team then ranked No. 1. Last week, in Dallas' Cotton Bowl, they met Texas, ranked ninth, and scored 21 points in the final quarter to humiliate the once-proud Longhorns 31-14. Badly beaten in total offense, 330 yards to 187, the Steers were still in the game with 9:58 left. But SMU sophomore Jim Hagle burst 93 yards for one score, Ronnie Reel went 58 yards with an interception for another and Mike Livingston passed 45 yards to John Roderick for a third as the Mustangs beat Texas for the first time in six years. A tele-

gram to Coach Durrell Royal earlier in the week may have been the portent. It said simply: FORGET IT.

ARKANSAS was not forgetting anything, especially all the records other SWC teams have been setting for years. The Hogs smothered Texas A&M 31-0, tying two of those records (19 consecutive wins, 12 straight in the league). While the Aggies watched Harry Jones, his alter ego, Tailback Bobby Burnett, took up the cause with 111 yards for two touchdowns.

But the path to the title is not all that cotton-soft. In the way, besides SMU, is TEXAS TECH, whose Halfback Mike Leinert is quite frank about it: "We've got pride and we'd like to go to a bowl—the Cotton Bowl." The Red Raiders also have Donny Anderson, who accounted for 224 yards and scored twice in a 27-0 victory over Rice. Little-used Quarterback Kent Nix led TCU to a 10-7 upset of Baylor.

THE WEST 1. USC (4-1-1) 2. UCLA (4-4-1) 3. WASHINGTON STATE (6-1)

While USC, with a week off after its humiliation by Notre Dame, spent the time regrouping, neighboring UCLA as well as WASHINGTON STATE continued to look like legitimate Rose Bowl contenders. Lower only to Michigan State—in its opener and not by much—UCLA beat Air Force 10-0. A perfect play caught the Falcons flying the wrong way. Halfback Mel Farr slashed over right guard on a counter, angled sharply to his right and fled 37 yards for a touchdown. Kurt Zimmerman's 31-yard field goal put the Bruins out of reach.

The Uclans now have to get by WASHINGTON, and that may not be as easy as it seemed a couple of weeks ago. The normally landlocked Huskies came alive and drubbed startled Stanford 41-6 as Quarterback Ted Hulin completed 10 passes for 149 yards and two touchdowns and End Dave Williams caught 10 (a school record). Meanwhile, Halfback Don Moore and Fullback Ron Medved ran for three more scores. "Our execution improved," said Coach Jim Owens happily. That is what it was too—an execution.

WASHINGTON STATE changed the script against Oregon State. Usually, the surprising Cougars come from behind to win. This time they took a 10-0 lead on Vad Cerela's 35-yard field goal and Larry Eilmes' one-yard plunge. Then they hung on for dear life to win 10-8. OREGON, however, had to rally to catch Idaho 17-14. Discerning coaches stationed in the press box sent word to the Oregon bench in the last quarter that the sideline passes would work against the tight Vandals. They did. Quarterback Mike Brundage hit Ray Palm and Steve Bunker with three of them and then threw to Bunker again for the winning touchdown.

Everything possible, it seemed, had already happened to Penn State this season. Bumbling and fumbling had cost the Lions three games, but it appeared their luck finally had turned when Quarterback Jack White's 14-yard pass to Jack Curry put State ahead of CALIFORNIA 17-14 with only 42 seconds to go. However, on the last play of the game Cal's Jim Hunt threw a desperate 46-yard pass into the end zone where little Jerry Bradley, surrounded by three Penn Staters, waited without much hope. Up the three went for the ball, down they came with only a touch of it. It slithered into Bradley's eager hands and Cal won 21-17. "You stick around long enough and good things happen," said Coach Ray Wilsey, who seemed suddenly wise.

Brigham Young had something new ready for unbeaten UTAH STATE. The Cougars split both ends, sent four receivers down the sidelines and through the middle and BYU took a 7-0 lead on Virgil Carter's nifty passes. But the alert Aggies soon spread their defense wider and got going themselves. Quarterback Ron Edwards threw three touchdown passes, Halfback Roy Shivers ran through the Cougars for 180 yards and scored twice, and Utah State won its seventh straight game 34-21.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

ALABAMA OVER LSU After Ole Miss, LSU will be more down than up.

GEORGIA TECH OVER TENNESSEE King, Snow and Tech's fast defensive backs are too tough. FLORIDA OVER GEORGIA Running or throwing, the Gators are difficult to hold.

AUBURN OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE Offensively, the Tigers are more stubborn than State.

MONTGOMERY COLLEGE OVER MIAMI Two quarterbacks — BC's — are better than one — Miami's.

HAVE OVER MARYLAND — The Midgies are a team, the Terps are an argument.

ARMY OVER AIR FORCE But the Cadets will be wary against the upsetting Falcons.

MICHIGAN OVER ILLINOIS Close, but Bump Elliott always beats brother Pete.

MINDROU OVER COLORADO Mizou's strong runners will get away from the young Buffs.

TEXAS OVER BAYLOR Passes will bother the Longhorns, but not enough to beat them.

UCD OVER CALIFORNIA USC has had two weeks to recover from the Notre Dame rout.

UCLA OVER WASHINGTON Prothro's Bruins are too tricky for the revving Huskies.

WASHINGTON STATE OVER OREGON State seems unlikely but must be doing something right.

WYOMING OVER NEW MEXICO The stronger Cowboys have an added incentive—the WAC title.

UTAH STATE OVER MONTGOMERY STATE A case of Shivers' turn over Fletcher's options.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
IN RIGHT, 5 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 60-40-8

The Hunters of the Sky

The art of falconry, the oldest and most demanding of all the field sports and one that very nearly died out with the development of the shotgun, is burgeoning again. Surprisingly, the greatest growth has been in the U.S., where several hundred falconers use the same training techniques that have been part of the sport for thousands of years and a poetic Old English vocabulary. The paintings on the following pages are of a falconers' field trial held in South Dakota. They evoke much of the drama of a contest in which man shares a tenuous affinity with some of the wildest of nature's creatures.

Paintings by Francis Golden

The largest and most powerful of the traditional longwinged falcons is the gyrfalcon, and the most highly prized of all are the white ones, like Lena (right), who is shown "feeding up" on a cock ptarmigan. The falconer is Donald V. Hunter Jr., a farmer from Centerville, S. Dak. with a law degree. Hunter had to travel deep into Canada's barren Northwest Territories to capture his rare bird.





Tricked by a coaxing, turning pheasant flushed from a snow-covered South Dakota cornfield, a peregrine falcon recovers from a dive and starts climbing up for another try. A falconer considers it a good day if his bird makes one successful flight at game. At right: Frank Berbe, of Victoria, B.C., one of the foremost authorities on falcons and other birds of prey, holds his European goshawk, Fritz.





Battled up against the fr's wind sweeping across miles of cornfields, the gatherer gazes as a peregrine falcon swoops down and—at the last split second—extends her long carved talons to strike a pheasant. Breaking with her tail and wings, the falcon rides the pheasant to the ground and kills it by breaking its neck. In competitions like this one the falcon is introduced and thrown off the first to "wait on" high above and upwind of the fowlsman until he calls for a bird to be released from an electronic trap. The falcon is judged on how high and fast it speeds up to wait on as well as on the quickness and power with which it kills its quarry.





Speckled breast feathers ruffling in the wind, Miss Blutz, a European goshawk (left), contentedly rests on the gossamer foot of Jim Mills of Grand Rapids, Mich. Like all soaring hawks, goshawks do not wait an instant they are carried airborne on the foot and clipped when a rabbit or squirrel is flushed. These hawks depend on surprise as well as speed and maneuverability to catch the prey. At right, Joe Platt, a student from Pocatello, Idaho, strikes his haughty golden eagle, Chrys, which he took from its nest before the U.S. government made it illegal for anyone to capture golden eagles.





There too a yellow-billed hawk is scarlet-throated and grows (short feathers) strips permanently fixed to a trained falcon's legs), a Peale's falcon (left) spreads its powerful wings and tail and glides deeply, evading the special wild species that for centuries attracted men to birds of prey. Falcons and hawks seem to take readily to automobile riding and will perch for hours on the back seat (below). Most falconers prefer to load up their birds when they are traveling. The ornate hoods are like transatlantic and prevent the birds from strutting and breaking wing or tail feathers.



Old English in South Dakota

During last year's North American Falconers Association meet held near Centerville, S. Dak., a prairie falcon hurtled down from a height of 300 feet and clouted a cackling cock pheasant in midair. The falcon quickly banked over, landed on the downed pheasant and deftly severed its backbone at the base of the skull. Then, spreading its 20-inch wings protectively over the kill, it waited until the falconer walked in and coaxed the bird onto his fist with a piece of raw meat.

"Fine stoop," said a falconer in the crowd. "She was really sharp-set. Rings up beautifully. An internixed eyes, you know, and she was just impost a few days ago."

Having absorbed all of that, a farmer standing nearby remarked, "Now I can see where these fellows get a kick out of watching them chicken hawks catch pheasants and rabbits. But tell me something. Why the heck don't they talk English?"

In English, the falconer was saying that the prairie falcon had made a fine diving attack on the pheasant, that she was hungry and ready to kill, that she gauged altitude for the dive beautifully, that she was taken from the nest before she could fly, that she had molted at least once in captivity and that she had broken off some of her flight feathers and the falconer had grafted on new ones.

The falconer was, of course, using English, the same archaic English that has been a traditional part of falconry since the Middle Ages, when the sport was at its peak and a man's rank determined which of the raptors, or birds of prey, he could own. There have, in fact, been only a few major changes in this dramatic and highly complex sport since the first man trained a falcon around 1200 B.C. The modern falconer uses postal scales calibrated in ounces so he can maintain the best flying weights for his birds. He uses modern drugs to cure disease and infection. Most important, he spends much of his time fighting for recognition of a sport that in the U.S. is still compared—wrongly—to bearbaiting and cockfighting.

When falconry first made inroads in the U.S. after World War I, few states extended any protection and thousands of raptorial birds were killed. Today 19 states extend full protection to them, and other states are slowly following suit. Protected or not, they do occasionally raid chicken coops, kill stray cats and pet rabbits and regularly take game birds and small mammals. Farmers, ranchers and not a few hunters will greet any "chicken hawk" they see with a hail of shot. Despite all this, falconers fly their birds legally at game or at crow, ground squirrels and other such quarry in 40 states, over the objections of conservationists, humanists and ornithologists.

Says Frank Lyman Beebe, a professional ornithologist and falconer from Victoria, B.C., "Few of nature's creatures are so misunderstood. When they have a choice, hawks and falcons will single out the quarry that is clearly different from the rest, which quite often means the sick or the weak. They rarely leave cripples—the quarry is either taken or it escapes, usually with nothing more than superficial flesh wounds. The hag taken by all the birds of prey does not even begin to make a dent in the continent's wild game population."

Beebe also insists that falconers are not endangering the stock of wild hawks and falcons. Eggs and birds are preferred because they are easier to train and rarely try to escape. Thus the falconer takes the nestlings from the wild only infrequently. For every five birds trapped as passagers (first-year birds flying and killing for themselves) or haggards (fully mature birds), at least two eventually will escape or be released. In his ambitious book, *North American Falconry and Hunting Hawks*, co-authored by Harold Webster of Denver, Beebe writes: "A man does not hunt with a falcon, but . . . the falcon hunts with the man. . . . This refusal to be dominated by, yet willingness to work with man is perhaps the greatest charm of falconry and its highest reward."

At last year's meet in South Dakota there were a few who wore their falcons as though they were coiffured poodles on a leash ("What kinda hawk is that?" the farmer asked. "She's not a hawk," said the falconer, raising his eyebrows in obvious disgust. "She's a falcon, a peregrine, and she bites.") But the majority of the falconers came not to flaunt their birds but to fly them at fair game. "The true falconer," says Robert Wadmeier, an artist from Duluth, "is not a zoo keeper. He flies his birds constantly, at the crack of dawn before he leaves for work or even at night under lights, not just to keep them strong and healthy but because he owes them at least that much. The moment a falconer takes a bird from the wild he buys himself a year-round obligation to man it, train it, care for it and worry constantly about it. Every time he casts it off his fist he faces the possibility that it may never return. Nothing more than mere tolerance, and often precious little of that, ties a falcon to a man."

The man who must always return from the field with game in the bag had best stick to a shotgun. British Falconer Philip Glaser puts it well in *As the Falcon Has Its Will*. "As is so often the case, the best flight of the day ended in the quarry getting away. Only the hungered of hunters would have any regrets."

—DUNCAN BARNES

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Dick Bailey started with a telephone and an idea and parlayed them into a gigantic operation that televises 1,000 events a year, making him . . .



THE MAITRE D' OF SPORTS TV

With a clang of cymbals, a clatter of commercials and bidding that sounds like proposals for the national defense budget, the three major television networks have for some time now been working themselves into a Gillette Foamy lather over sports. This year, from surfboarding to the World Series, live and in color, by tape and by satellite, the Big Three of TV have brought more athletic entertainment into living rooms than ever before. So it is all the more remarkable that on a total-hour basis the efforts of ABC, CBS and NBC combined will be outstripped by a little-known—and aptly named—competitor, Sports Network Incorporated.

SNI not only specializes in televising athletic events, it finds a way to assemble a new network for every sport it puts on the air. Sports Network has been described by one industry executive as "almost an illusion, nothing more than a man on a telephone." Yet in 1965 the company was one of American Telephone and Telegraph's largest customers, running up a \$7 million bill that

did not come from that "one man" making a lot of long-distance calls to Tahiti. Less than 10 years ago Sports Network was two people working in a borrowed room. Today it employs 100 full-time staffers and 150 free-lancers; it occupies 4,600 square feet of offices overlooking New York's Fifth Avenue, and 21,000 square feet more on 46th Street, in Rutherford and East Rutherford, N.J., St. Louis and Los Angeles; it owns \$4 million worth of the latest taping and mobile equipment, including two new color units that the major networks have been known to covet, and it focuses its extensive facilities on 1,000 events a year.

Sports Network's most important asset, however, is still that man on the telephone, 35-year-old Richard Eugene Bailey, who founded SNI in late 1955 and who owns 98% of the stock. In the world of television he is considered somewhat of a misfit, partly because he is so completely his own boss—which means, in turn, that he is in a position to be as good as his word.

"Dick's a breath of fresh air in what can be a pretty vicious business," says the programming director of a major advertising agency. "I'd never go on the air with a network show unless I had everything I needed from the network in writing. I don't need that from Dick. His word and handshake are enough."

With his word and his handshake Dick Bailey can now put a national network together in almost as little time as it takes a viewer to open a beer. In his 10 years he has televised, mostly on a network basis, auto racing, baseball, basketball (pro and college), bowling, boxing, dog shows, football (pro and college), frostbite sailing, golf, gymnastics, horse racing, iceboating, ice hockey, jai alai, lacrosse, polo, skiing, soccer, swimming, tennis, track and wrestling. This year SNI's live sports coverage will run to more than 2,500 hours.

A typical example of the role SNI plays in sportscasting can be seen in its handling of the 1963 Bing Crosby promateur golf tournament. On January 12, 15 days before the tournament was to



start, Bob Breckner, then president of KTTV in Los Angeles, called Bailey in New York to advise him that ABC was not picking up its option to televise the Crosby. Tournament officials were willing to sell the TV rights for the low price of \$20,000 to anyone who could guarantee some sort of national hookup. The offer sounded good to Bailey, who was ready to say yes, but there were some immediate problems. Breckner had already checked with a sponsor and been told that it would be impossible to round up a network in such a short time. The sponsor had indicated two key stations, one in Nashville and one in New Orleans, that reportedly would never join. Bailey reacted instinctively to the challenge. He reached for the telephone and within an hour had commitments from WSM in Nashville and WDSU in New Orleans, the stations in question. Thus encouraged, he stayed at the telephone and kept right on calling.

"The whole staff worked long into the night for those two weeks," says Bailey, relishing the recollection. "To take advantage of the time-zone changes we would start calling the eastern stations first and then work west with the sun. At 8:30 each night, when the West Coast offices were closing down, we'd stop calling and start sending out the

wires of confirmation and wrapping up the paper work."

When the tournament finally reached the home screens the show had five sponsors and was picked up by a network of 121 stations that covered 86% of the U.S. It also got a higher Nielsen rating than any golf tournament televised that year: an 11.0, compared to 10.4 for the Masters, 7.0 for the U.S. Open and 7.2 for the PGA. All of which gave Jack Nicklaus some pain in his self-esteem, for it meant there were 22 million people watching when he three-putted the last green to lose, and gave ABC some pain in the same place for having dropped the Crosby.

The sports spectaculars, such as the World Series, the college bowl games, the pro football playoffs, the major golf tournaments and the Kentucky Derby, have become pretty much the exclusive preserve of the big networks because ABC, CBS and NBC can usually risk more on a high bid for TV rights. It is Bailey, however, who provides the viewing public with week-to-week, meat-and-potatoes nourishment. This year SNI has handled, for example, the NCAA basketball championship, the collegiate indoor track, swimming and diving, and ski championships, the national indoor tennis championship, pro basketball

games and 90% of the major horse races run on the East Coast. It also scheduled 13 live telecasts of PGA golf tournaments and did all of the road games televised back home by the 20 major league baseball clubs.

The baseball contract was what led to the founding of SNI. In 1954, when he was working for ABC as the company's chief network coordinator, Dick Bailey was called in by the BBDO advertising agency on behalf of two clients, Schaefer beer and Lucky Strike, who wanted better cost efficiency for their broadcasts of Brooklyn Dodger baseball games. Bailey investigated, and by streamlining transmission operations he was able to save the two sponsors a quick \$45,000. This made him suspect that he might be able to save similar amounts all around the league. In those days most of the 16 major league clubs televised home games as a matter of course, but beaming a road game back to the TV sets at home was a rare thing. The chief obstacles were the ones usually associated with a disorganized, every-man-for-himself enterprise. Cost—about \$4,000 per game, depending on the distance from home—was only one. The others were the difficulties inherent in setting up each telecast on a one-shot basis: installing new telephones in the broadcasting booth each time, installing new transmission facilities, lining up stations to carry the game, etc.

"I figured that if these away-from-home games could be handled by one outfit, my own, instead of 16 separate ones," says Bailey, "I could reduce costs by 30%. That would mean a total saving of about \$400,000. I also figured that if I could get a major league baseball account I could set up Sports Network Incorporated."

The built-with-wire octopus behind the entire television industry is A.T.&T., whose tentacles are the cables and the microwaves needed to transmit the sight and sound of a TV show from city to city. A.T.&T.'s facilities are for rent, roughly on this basis, says Bailey: to the one-shot "occasional" user for \$1 per mile per hour and to the "contract" user for \$35 per mile per month per consecutive eight-hour day—which is, assuming the contract is fully utilized, one-eighth the occasional rate. If he could contract to handle all major league road-game telecasts, Bailey figured he could use the contract rate.

continued

"But that's where the problem comes in," says Bailey. "You've got to know how to use the facilities to get the most out of the wholesale rate."

A congress of 50 representatives of sponsors, ad agencies and baseball clubs met at Chicago's Hotel Knickerbocker in December 1955 to hear Bailey's claims (that he could save them money) and review Bailey's credentials (20 years in the broadcasting business). They were impressed, and the deal that put Bailey into business for himself was soon closed. In its first year of operation, 1956, Sports Network signed up to handle the telecasting of 300 major league baseball games. It also produced 1,200 radio broadcasts.

With the major league baseball teams giving him a solid unit of operating revenue and allowing him to rent transmission facilities at the contract rate, Bailey was able to expand quickly—the very first afternoon, in fact. The morning of its first day SNI consisted of Bailey and an assistant working in a room loaned to them by Bailey's lawyer, Stuart Sprague. Aghast at how much time Bailey was spending on his telephone, Sprague got rid of the two squatters within a few hours by finding an office for them downstairs in the same building.

Before long Sports Network needed all the office space it could get. In the fall of 1956 it began televising Cleveland Brown football games, soon picked up Big Ten and Atlantic Coast Conference basketball and then moved on to handle any event in which there appeared to be sponsor interest. SNI endeared itself forever to basketball fans when it covered the NCAA final from Louisville in 1963, the year Loyola of Chicago rallied in the second half to upset presumably invincible Cincinnati. This telecast came up with an upset of its own. It went on against *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *Guns and Smoke* and beat them both in the ratings.

One of the reasons that Bailey's company has thrived is that if he had the time he would be his own best audience. "I live and breathe sports," he says. "I always have." His father owned the Macon, Ga., baseball team of the old Sally League. When his father died the Baileys moved to Baltimore, where Bailey became a football, basketball and track star in high school, as well as an able

sandlot baseball player. His potential for a professional athletic career ended in the summer he graduated from high school, when he badly fractured his right ankle playing semipro baseball. After the accident Bailey confined himself to golf and Sunday-afternoon softball. Recently he bought some racehorses, and he now has three broodmares and two foals at a farm in Lexington, Ky.

Another reason for SNI's success is that Bailey likes work as well as sport. When he first came to New York in 1930, after two years at the University of Maryland, he started out by holding down a day job, a night job and taking courses at Columbia. He kept working at two jobs until 1954, when he was both traffic coordinator at ABC during the day and a telegrapher and rewrite man at United Press during the evening. He also married and raised seven children.

Perhaps it is all his own action that has made Bailey a fast-acting executive, but his speed has remained one of the strongest attributes of SNI. It was, for example, the main factor in Bailey's obtaining the rights to the 13-tournament PGA National Tour program. ABC took so long in trying to formulate its package offer in 1964 that Marty Carmichael, the PGA's television representative, finally decided to sell it to Bailey for \$700,000.

The PGA National Tour show is Bailey's most ambitious project to date. Not including his fixed overhead, the expense to Bailey is about \$2.4 million. This breaks down as \$700,000 for the TV rights, \$700,000 to A.T.&T. for transmission and \$1 million for air time to the 180 stations that carry the tournaments. Bailey's income on the series comes from the \$17,500 that the three sponsors, Bell System, Goodyear and Plymouth, pay for each of 11 one-minute spots on each telecast. This amounts to a total of \$2,502,500 and leaves Bailey with a small profit margin, if any at all.

"We'll probably lose money," says Bailey, "but we're doing it for prestige, to get our name out in front as an entrée to advertisers who may want to do other programs. It's a breakthrough for us."

Aside from its expense, the PGA National Tour show raises other problems as well. "Golf is by far the toughest sport to televise live," says Bailey. "If you are doing three or four holes you have to cover a wide territory under all kinds of weather conditions." And the very na-

ture of the game makes it a TV director's nightmare. The crucial action does not unfold in orderly sequence but all over the course and often simultaneously. The director, who is responsible for picking the right picture from a battery of 10 to 15 cameras, does not want to zero in on Joe Obscure while leader Arnold Palmer is sinking a 50-foot putt on the next-to-last hole. To keep mistakes like this at a minimum the producer must employ technicians, cameramen and announcers who have a quick, sharp knowledge of the game and its players. Such people have not proved easy to find.

Sports Network's golf telecasts have not been flawless, but the growing pains have been less and less noticeable to the folks back home, much to Bailey's relief. And Bailey got a tremendous break this year when tournament after tournament had an exciting climax. About nine million viewers saw Doug Sanders hole a 35-foot putt in Pensacola, Fla. in March to beat Jack Nicklaus on the third hole of the longest sudden-death playoff ever shown on national television, says Dick Mayer but an approach shot into the cup in New Orleans in May to win a first prize of \$20,000, saw Dan Sikes knock in a 35-foot putt in Cleveland in June to edge Tony Lems for a \$25,000 win, and saw Billy Casper take a playoff in July in Hartford. This is the kind of thing that SNI likes to get on the air—not a superspectacular, to be sure, but sport at its best nonetheless.

In early December SNI viewers may witness the most intriguing golf telecast of all. The final event of its golf series will be the PGA's first team-play tournament, the \$200,000 National Four-Ball Championship at Palm Beach. Bailey is puzzling over how his cameras and his announcers are going to make sense out of an event in which four players will be in each group but paired as two-man teams, where the low score on each hole for each team will count toward a 72-hole medal score and—well, never mind. That is Bailey's problem, and a lot of golf fans will get to see how he solves it. When he does, he can check how he did by applying his own audience test, one that has assured him of the interest in TV golf.

"My driving-range man tells me his place is deserted every time a golf tournament's on TV," he says.

Hm. Does this mean that televised sport is replacing sport itself? If so, blame it on Dick Bailey. **END**



New Malibu Convertible—beautifully new and different, fore and aft.

Now! Exciting New Models and Turbo-Jet V8's

New 300's. And Malibus. And two new Super Sport 396 models. Our intent is clear: to make Chevelle the most versatile middle-size car there is and keep it America's favorite!

Changes everywhere you look. And then you have to look again to catch them all. The grilles, humpers, hoods, headlights and roof lines are different.

So are the interiors with their padded instrument panels and seat belts front and back.

The models you can have now include a Malibu Sport Sedan, 4-doors with hardtop styling. And those new Super Sport 396-ers—coupe and convertible—come with their own special ideas. They have a black grille, special

SS identification emblems, an aircoop-styled hood, red stripe tires, special suspension, floor-mounted shift — and a 396-cubic-inch Turbo-Jet V8 at 325 hp. (Or you can order the Turbo-Jet 396 in its 360-hp version.)

The versatile Chevelle. For Blue Bloods, For Red Bloods, For Hot Bloods. At your Chevrolet dealer's.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.



New Super Sport 396 Coupe—sporty Shato-bucket seats and center console you can add.



'66 CHEVELLE BY CHEVROLET

A small chip can beat a big blast

When you walk into a bunker carrying anything but a sand wedge your opponents are likely to give you that subtle half sneer which implies you are 1) a hacker and 2) gutless. Well, lots of times you should give them a sneer right back, for there are numerous occasions when the chip shot is by far the best way to get a ball out of sand and close to the hole. Two things must be checked first: The trap should have little or no lip, because the chip is going to take off low and never climb much, and there should be considerable putting surface between the trap and the cup. Assuming these conditions are met, you can hand the sand wedge back to the caddy—cuddies disapprove of this shot, too—and ask for an eight- or a nine-iron. Play the ball back toward the right foot, to insure that you will hit down firmly on the ball. You must not hit the sand behind the ball. Choke the club down a couple of inches, and hood the face slightly. Now concentrate hard, keeping the head especially steady, because the shot is a delicate one. The ball will come out crisply, and with considerable overspin, so you can expect a good deal of run. One way to judge how firmly to hit it is to consider how hard you would swing at the same chip shot if the ball were on grass, then hit this one a little easier.



Ball is played off right foot, and club face (narrow line) is closed with respect to target line (red arrow).



The ball must be hit firmly, and on the downswing, with no sand being moved until after contact with ball.

FRANK SOLDER

Hurry up and taste White Horse...

For 4 of the famous crystal glasses pictured here, send check or money order for \$3.00 to White Horse Scotch Glasses, Dept. 23, P. O. Box 170, Boston, Mass. 02111.



It's lighter than you think!

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, BLENDED 86 PROOF, BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.



If you spend 25¢ a day on stamps, they ought to look like this.

You're looking at the mark made by a Pitney-Bowes postage meter. When you see one of these, you no longer need a tongue to lick envelopes with, legs to walk to the post office to buy stamps with, or a head to remember mailing costs. This machine will do all these tiresome little chores for you, zip, zip, zip.

A Pitney-Bowes postage meter prints a stamp on your mail for exactly the amount you want. (You'll never have to spend 10¢ on an airmail letter again because you can't find an 8¢ stamp.) It dates it, postmarks it, then registers how much you've spent. It will even lick the

flap of the envelope and seal it down.

Do you have to be in the big time to save time with one of our postage meters? Not at all. The model we've designed for small businesses only costs an initial fee of \$32.50 and a rental of \$6.50 a month. (You also get a meter plate that will print your own ads free.)

If you'd like to know more about all the meters and the general office equipment that we make, send a letter to Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1003A Pacific Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06904. It could be the last stamp you'll ever use.



Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
POSTAGE METER

She had not called a press conference since the January day a decade ago when she announced her engagement to Prince Rainier. Now here was Princess Grace huckstering for next year's centennial of Monte Carlo's founding. The celebration will "include a great many sports events," said the Princess, including Monaco's third *aut de la boxe*. Such *auts* are moderately scarce in the principality, the first having taken place in 1912, the second in 1939. More customary would be the Formula I and Formula III races. The difference, as Grace disarmingly saw it, is that "the Formula III race will involve slightly less powerful cars but ones which make just as much noise."

Because he wants his son to play strictly amateur football (you know, like his professional team plays it), New York Jet Owner Sonny Werblin has sent young Hubbard Werblin off to West Virginia's little Bethany College where athletic scholarship is demanded, not athletic scholarships awarded. Hubbard, a freshman, is a split end, which makes his daddy proud. Sonny is a lot less proud of his sophomore quarterback, Joe Na-

math (below), who again showed up in a public place (a prize fight) without a necktie. Rules are rules, said Werblin, dressing Namath down and up—Joe may go winless but not tieless.

The Navajo Indians consider themselves the aristocrats of the Southwest, and tribal law strictly forbids membership—honorary or otherwise—to outsiders. But when Olympic Gold Medalist Billy Mills made an inspiring speech at a Navajo school about his own boyhood on a Sioux reservation, The People (as they call themselves) were deeply impressed. Code or no code, they said, Billy deserved something special. So they gave him a Navajo rug and a silver-and-turquoise watchband. And they made him an honorary member of—well, of the Window Rock (Ariz.) High School.

That American dance craze, the twist, and all its variations—a prime example of Western decadence and rootless cosmopolitanism, no? Well, not anymore, not exactly. It's really rather helpful, come to think of it, said Valeri Popovchenko, a 165-pound Russian Olympic boxer, citing the latest Soviet reverse twist. In fact, admitted Val, "all members of the national boxing team of the U.S.S.R. do the twist excellently. For a boxer, it is a very useful dance."

How do former congressmen stack up against incumbent basketball guards? Robert A. Taft Jr. is not encouraged. Caught in a crowd of Cincinnatians trying to get close to the Royals' Oscar Robertson, Taft was utterly ignored except by a girl who asked for two autographs. "Why sure, but why two?" Taft happily wanted to know, writing like crazy. "Sample," said the shameless girl. "I can trade two of you for one Oscar."

Only a year after his departure from the St. Louis Cards, Bing Devine, they say, is now eyeball-to-eyeball with the presidency of the New York Mets. But Bing's

17-year-old daughter, Janice, has already landed the job she was after: cheerleading captain at Horton Watkins High School in LaGrange, Mo. Accordingly, everybody within flinging range of her megaphone is advised to duck. Not very long back Janice drove a screaming liner through a picture window of the Devine home (losing pitcher: Bing Devine); just the other day she lost control of a basketball—and there went the window of a neighbor.

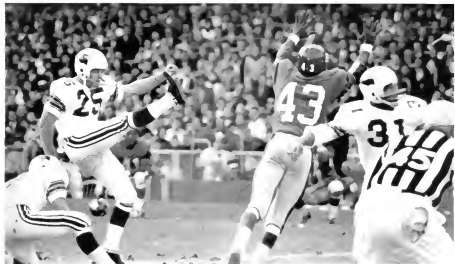
For those whose special weakness is buffalo stew, last week's news was pretty much all bad. The word from Tommy's Joint, a San Francisco restaurant that caters to exotic tastes (and is a favorite spot for professional athletes passing through town), was that the basic ingredient was in short supply. "Ever since Billy Casper mentioned buffalo meat as a part of his allergy diet," said Owner Tommy Harris, "I've had trouble meeting the demand. Now even my source in Wyoming is running low, and I'm out altogether."

Proceedings in the New York City Council went along pretty smoothly until a resolution to establish a day of celebration

for Sandy Koufax came up. Not that anybody there gubbed with the intent of the measure; it was the wording. After some debate the resolution passed, but not before the Council had knicked under to Democrat Bernard Manheimer. The Bronx councilman, a New York Giant fan whose Polo Grounds are gone but not forgotten, could not in good conscience approve anything that called Koufax "the best pitcher in the history of baseball." Shades of Christy Mathewson! Shades of Carl Hubbell! When the resolution had been changed to read "one of the best," Manheimer beamed approval.

If the scars left by last summer's riots in Los Angeles—not to mention Juan Marchal's but—are ever healed, part of the credit will belong to Dodger Catcher John Roseboro, who has gone on duty with the Los Angeles police (below). As a member of the force's community relations program, Roseboro will have a chance to apply his long-standing interest in police work—as well as the practical knowledge he has gained living in southwest Los Angeles on the fringe of the Watts riot area.





WITH THE CARDINAL OFFENSE DETERIORATING IN GIANT GAME, JIM SAKKEN SWINGS HIS FOOT IN FOURTH-QUARTER FIELD GOAL TRY

PRO FOOTBALL / *Tex Maule*

Two for the seesaw in the inscrutable East

First St. Louis was on the upswing, but then the offense became too careful and the Cards came tumbling down. Now Cleveland appears strongest, despite Sunday's loss, with New York emerging as a colorful upstart

At midpoint in the season two favorites and an outsider lead the mysterious Eastern Division of the National Football League and the other four teams are now here. The Cleveland Browns, who can beat anyone but the St. Louis Cardinals and the West, lead the division; the Cardinals, who seem to have all they need to beat everyone but a sense of daring, are second.

And the New York Giants, with all the faults and virtues of youthful enthusiasm, are a surprising third. The remaining four—Pittsburgh, Dallas, Philadelphia and Washington—are clumped together in a melancholy heap on the bottom of the division, each having managed to win only two of the seven games played so far.

And no Eastern Division team, from the Browns on down, has managed to win a game from a Western team. The

West now leads the East 7-0 in interconference games. The Minnesota Vikings, in a three-way tie for third in the West with a 4-3 record, underlined the superiority of the division last Sunday by stopping the Cleveland Browns and Jim Brown 27-17. The Vikings played a close and adventurous defense designed to reach Brown before he could gain momentum and Frank Ryan before he could find his receivers, and they succeeded in both aims.

Nevertheless, the Browns appear to be the best team in the East. They have won five of their seven games despite having lost five starting players at one time or another and despite the handicap imposed upon them by the injury to Paul Warfield in the preseason All-Star Game. Warfield has yet to play a down; his badly fractured collarbone has healed much more slowly than was anticipated. With-

out him, Ryan must depend upon Gary Collins as his primary receiver, and every defense the Browns face puts two men on Collins. Once Warfield returns—and he should be back in another fortnight—the Brown offense should flower and the burden on their good defense will be significantly lessened. The Browns lead the division without having realized their full potential; when they are fit, they could win in a canter.

The Cardinals, who have beaten the Browns, suffer from a curious split personality. On defense, they are devil-may-care gamblers, as daring as hell-divers. On offense, they operate with the recklessness of your maiden aunt playing whist for a penny a point. Too often they have indulged their cardinal sin of trying to sit on a small lead. On Sunday this cost them their third loss of the season, to the New York Giants.



LYNCH (33) SPRAWLS AFTER BLOCKING HIGH. A MOMENT LATER TUCKER FREDERICKSON RAN 41 YARDS TO SET UP WINNING GIANT SCORE

Leading the Giants 10-0 at the half, the Cardinals went into a shell when on offense in the second half. Not until the Giants had moved into a 14-10 lead with four minutes to go did Charley Johnson open up the offense again, and by then it was too late. St. Louis moved powerfully on two long marches, but the Giants stopped both.

"We've lost to teams we expected to beat twice," said Safety Jerry Stovall after the game, referring to Philadelphia, Washington and New York. "You can't do that and hope to win a title. There's still half a season left but we have to win them all." Among the seven games left for the Cardinals to play are two with Western Division teams—Los Angeles and Chicago. It does not appear likely that the Cardinals will win seven straight.

The Giants, no matter how many of their remaining seven games they lose, have had a surprisingly successful season. "Morrall played as brilliant a game of quarterback as I have ever seen," said a cheerful Alie Sherman after Sunday's victory. "His calls against red dogs were extraordinary. He was chewing out guys under the most impossible pressure. It takes guts to go against the dog the way he did. The Cards dog unbelievably. Some of the spots they shot

I've never even read about. It's a dangerous way to live, but they are good at it."

Morrall, obtained from the Detroit Lions in a late trade just before the season began, has been the key to the Giant success. He began slowly, as he familiarized himself with the Giant offense, but now he passes with poise and accuracy and he gives the young Giant team the assurance of a veteran. In Tucker Fredrickson, a big and quick rookie running back, New York has the most promising young runner in the league east of Chicago's Gale Sayers.

In fact, most of the Giants' on offense and defense, are young and apt to make mistakes. But look for the Giants to improve steadily; they may blow some games because of youthful folly, but will not blow many. However, they still have the meat of their schedule ahead. They play both St. Louis and Cleveland on the road and they must still meet their second Western Division team. That is Chicago in New York, and the Bears now rank as one of the strongest teams in the league.

If the acquisition of a seasoned and competent quarterback made a contender of New York, the lack of one has been the downfall of the Dallas Cowboys, a club ranked just a shade behind St. Lou-

is and Cleveland when the season began. The Cowboys have one of the two or three best defensive units in football, as they proved recently in holding the Green Bay Packers to a skimpy 73 yards. But the Cowboys lost that game 13-3, because the offense could not move the ball. This was to be the year that Don Meredith came into his own; instead, for no discernible reason, Meredith has had the worst season of his career.

"I don't know what I'm doing wrong," he says. "I feel the same and I have confidence in my throwing and still the ball is short or long."

Whatever has happened to Meredith, Cowboy Coach Tom Landry has apparently decided to try to develop one or both of his rookie quarterbacks—Craig Morton and Jerry Rhyme. He has used them one at a time and in relays on alternate plays. The Cowboys' quarterback shuffle will continue.

"Against a defense like the Cardinals use, with their blitzes and complications, I'll probably go with Meredith for his poise," he says. "Against more orthodox defenses, I'll probably shuttle Morton and Rhyme."

While the development of a topflight quarterback would help solve Landry's problems, he still needs a good, big run-

continued

ning back to complement Don Perkins. The Cowboys may be better than they have looked so far, but this is another year of frustration for them—and particularly for their defense, which plays so well and, unfortunately, so often. Landry will have to work wonders either with Meredith or with his shuttle if Dallas is to climb as high as third.

A more likely candidate for third place is Washington, a club whose ebullient championship hopes were quelled early when a leg injury kept Charlie Taylor, the Rookie of the Year in 1964, hobbled for five games. Taylor, one of the most productive running backs in football, was almost all of the Washington ground attack and a good deal of its passing attack. While he was limping, opponents concentrated on defending against the Washington passes. They succeeded. Taylor is healthy now, and he has gotten his legs under him again in the last two games.

One small warning signal makes Washington a bit doubtful. Not long ago Owner Edward Bennett Williams, who took over the direction of the club after the death of Leo DeOrsey, called a meeting with the players. He excluded the coaches. For some two hours he listened to complaints and suggestions. Ostensibly this was done with the full consent of Coach Bill McPeak, but in the past when players have felt free to go over

the head of their coach to complain directly to an owner, morale has suffered. If the Redskins keep winning, morale should be no problem and McPeak will be in control. But they just as easily could go into a nose dive.

If that happens, the Philadelphia Eagles might move up. The Eagle defense is adequate, although it does not rank with that of Dallas, Cleveland or St. Louis. Like the Cowboys, the Eagles suffer from the lack of a consistent quarterback. Norman Snead played well until he was hurt. King Hill, his replacement, has been spotty, and Jack Concannon, the tall, gangling passer from Boston College who was the Eagles' second draft choice two years ago, is still learning his trade. He has shown signs of brilliance to come and he may be one of the best running quarterbacks around, but he is still green. He played briefly in four games in 1964 and Coach Joe Kuharich is understandably reluctant to saddle him with the responsibility of directing the club.

The Eagles are short of running backs behind Earl Gros, a massive fullback who is an exceptional blocker as well, and Timmy Brown, surely the most exciting runner in the Eastern Division. And Snead, Hill and Concannon have only limited targets for their passes. Pete Retzlaff is the best of the Eagle receivers and he is a good one, but there

are not enough good receivers to insure a consistent air offense. The Eagles, on a good day, beat any of the bottom four teams. On a very good day they beat the St. Louis Cardinals. But there probably are not enough good days ahead.

Last, and least, are the Pittsburgh Steelers, a club hamstringing by two early and irreparable losses. Head Coach Buddy Parker, a brilliant but moody man, quit the team two weeks before the season began, and John Henry Johnson, the elderly but still immensely capable fullback, was injured, erasing the Pittsburgh running attack in one dare blow. Mike Nixon took over as head coach from Parker but there was no one around capable of replacing Johnson. The Steelers simply do not have the equipment to win many games. Nixon is looking to the future, using young Bill Nelsen at quarterback and breaking in promising rookies like Roy Jefferson at end. The traditionally strong Steeler defense is still effective, but it tires toward the end of games because the players are on the field so much. If there is one good bet in the mixed-up East it is for the Steelers to finish last.

Summing up, there are only two teams in the East without insurmountable problems—Cleveland and St. Louis. Of these two, Cleveland appears to be in better condition for the second half of the season. The Browns survived the heaviest siege of injuries of any club in the league during the first half, beginning with the loss of Paul Warfield. In replacing the injured, Coach Blanton Collier used young players who performed well and gained experience, so that now the Browns are deeper and better prepared than they were when they began the season. And Jim Nance is a better second quarterback than either of St. Louis' replacements for Charley Johnson.

Also, the Browns have only one more Western Division team left to play. If there is a team in the West that most Eastern Division teams should be able to beat it is the Los Angeles Rams. The Cardinals play the Rams, too. But they also have to play the Bears.

The Browns meet the Cardinals in the final game of the season in St. Louis. This game could, of course, decide the Eastern Division championship, but on the evidence of Sunday's derring-don't in New York, the Browns should have won by then.

END



AWHIRING GIANT FANS ESCORT FREDERICKSON OFF FIELD AFTER SUNDAY'S HEROICS



Powertrain guaranteed for 24 months or 24,000 miles.

Most people buy the SAAB on the ground

The one in the air cruises at more than 1,500 mph, goes at least 30 gallons to the mile and costs \$2,000,000.00 to build in Stockholm. It's the new Viggen super-jet. SAAB is building for the Swedish Air Force.

Most people will take off in the SAAB on the ground. Developing nearly one horsepower per cubic inch of displacement — more than most high-powered sports cars — it can cruise easily at speeds higher than the law allows, goes 30 miles to the gallon, and has a p.e.e. cost about 1,000 times lower.

It's the only car in the world engineered to aircraft standards. You can

feel it in the driving, see it in the wind-tunnel styling, sense it in the 16-gauge Swedish steel body that protects you and your family.

SAAB designed the car to handle like a jet fighter, beginning with front wheel drive and the up-front engine. And 16 years of improving on a good thing give you sports car feel and response in a family sedan with typical Swedish quality.

SAAB always goes exactly where you point it — pulls you through unexpected curves and tight spots, instead of pushing you into spinouts. And does it with traction you won't believe until

you drive it — on rain-slick or icy roads, through snow, mud or sand.

SAAB dealers throughout the country will give you a test flight.

We'll be happy to take your order for the Viggen if you write to Seab, Långkoping, Sweden. But the '80 SAAB car has much in common with the jet — and seats 4 more people — 6 more in the station wagon. Happy landings!

SAAB



A shooting lodge high on a volcano

Woodson K. Woods is a hunter and a rancher, with 100,000 wild pigs and 225 Herefords at his back door. His hunting lodge sits securely in a fold of land 2,400 feet up the slopes of Mauna Kea, the 13,825-foot dormant volcano that dominates the Big Island, Hawaii. In his rolling pastures and forest land are wild pigs, goats and mouflon sheep. Game birds are present in profusion, among them Chinese ringneck and Japanese blue pheasant, quail, dove, partridge and pigeon.

The lodge, designed by Architect Thomas O. Wells of Honolulu, bears little resemblance to the lightly built, lanai-adorned Hawaiian homes of the beach areas. It fits perfectly into its pastoral setting. The roof is painted the soft gray-green of the leaves of the surrounding ohia trees, and the walls, built of local volcanic rock mixed on site with concrete, extend protectively. Inside, the lodge has the warm rustic quality found in mainland ranch houses, with beams and paneling of redwood hung with antlers, rams' horns, spears and outrigger paddles. The price for 1,100 square feet of space was kept to a reasonable \$23,000, since the only building material imported was the precut redwood timber.

THE GOD HAWAIIAN ARTIFACT in the foreground of the picture opposite is a one-cylinder gasoline engine with flywheels, used 50 years ago to drive a coffee mill. The pointing dead tree is an olepua, one of the few left in the world. Hawaiian spears were once made of olepua wood, which was said to be so hard that a nail could not be driven into it. The lodge has only two bedrooms and a living and dining area (right), but it can sleep a dozen hunters. The second bedroom is equipped with bunks for Woods's three sons. A ladder, made of rough ohia wood, leads from the bunkroom to a sleeping loft, where there are six rollaway beds.



WOODSON WOODS (above, at living room fireplace) has kept the decorating and furnishings simple. The window seats are made of polished ohia. The focus of the house is the rock-and-concrete chimney, rising 16 feet to a ridge beam. It has a built-in barbecue, deep raised hearths for wood storage and two fireplaces, the second opening into the master bedroom.





DESIGN FOR SPORT *continued*

CONTINUATION OF PAGE 109

HUNTING FOR WILD PIG with his sons Woods, 11, Christopher, 9½, and Jeffrey, 8, Woods takes his Land Rover before stalking game on foot, using a 55-pound test box. Wild pigs in Hawaii can weigh up to 100 pounds.

THE TERNE METAL ROOF, low-pitched and wide-eaved, is close to ground on the back of the sloping lot, giving an air of protection to a house isolated between mountains and sea.





It's classed with the \$10,000 GT cars. (1)

It's priced at \$3945. (2)

It goes 108 mph.

It gets 27 miles to the gallon at 70 mph. (3)

It won't nickel and dime you to death with tune-ups and engine adjustments. (4)

It's built so strong that body men curse when they have to do a fender job on one.

Yet the biggest virtue of the Volvo 1800 S is the way it cruises and handles and that can't be described.

You have to feel it yourself.

Your Volvo dealer will give you the keys for a test drive. Go ahead and do it.

It'll brighten up your day.

(1) As Road & Track magazine puts it, "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

(2) Manufacturer's suggested retail price East and Gulf Coast: POE. West Coast: POE slightly higher.

(3) With electric overdrive. A worthwhile option.

(4) As Sports Car Graphic magazine wrote, "Project Volvo came off the dynamometer at the Autolab Test Facility after one of the most severe tests we have ever put a Project engine through. Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

ESCAPE from the ordinary

Select Your Classic Loden Sports Jacket ...2 Extraordinary Ways!

1. See our tailor in Austria.
2. Order by Mail from Norm Thompson!
(Imported exclusively for our customers)

LUXURIOUSLY tailored in Austria of Tyrolean Loden cloth (75% wool, 25% camel hair). Soft, warm fabric won't show wrinkles or wear, shrugs off rain. Windproof. Classic 3-button style. German silver buttons. Costs half as much as coats of comparable quality, but you'll reach for it twice as often! Order regular suit size. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

FREE 80-page color catalog

"Escape from the Ordinary." Includes exclusive British sportswear, imported handknit sweaters, hand-woven berber cloth, waterproof Loden jacket, sport shirts and more. Unusual catalog for men, women.

Norm Thompson

1025 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. Dist. St.



Burgundy

an aromatic blend of
vintage tobaccos, fine taste
and pleasant wine aroma



AUTOMOBILES / John Lovesey

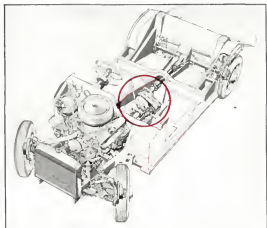
Safety with exhilaration: the new Jensen

From Britain comes a revolutionary high-performance car with four-wheel drive and brakes that will not lock up on slippery surfaces

Everybody talks about automotive safety, and in the last decade the manufacturers have done something about it—they have installed seat belts, padded dashboards, removed or redesigned some of the lethal interior projections, and have made door locks more secure—but, by and large, they have been cautious about trying to sell safety. As they are all aware, Ford tried diligently in 1956, and the result was negative. The idea of safety not only was not exciting—it seemed

loaded with potential backlash in that it got the customer thinking about such unpleasant things as crashes and contusions. What the safety movement needed was a more secure car that also promised more varied and satisfying driving.

That is what it got the other day when a relatively small British firm, Jensen, displayed at the London Motor Show the first four-wheel-drive touring car ever produced. Jensen has been in the business of building a classy line of sporting cars



CUTAWAY VIEW of the Jensen FF reveals, in circled area, the master differential and Maxaret antilock braking assembly that is its essential novelty. Four-wheel drive provides superb traction, and master differential permits front and rear pairs of wheels to revolve at different speeds as dictated by road conditions. Maxaret keeps brakes from locking—long a danger on slick roads.

since before World War II. To say now that the Jensen FF, which is what its spectacular new car is called, made motoring history would not be an overstatement. The Jensen performs brilliantly, and it is also the safest car in the world. On a surface as slippery as soap it can roll to a smooth halt. More important, it can be steered even at cruising speed on such a surface—a virtual impossibility for a car with two-wheel drive except at very low speed. It is equally impressive on ice, snow, mud or sand. The visions of motoring off the road that this conjures up must make the mind of any copywriter boggle. Show an FF a hill in winter, and it will show you its stern. Watch it go round a corner on ice, and the chances are that the only thing that will keep you from buying one is the current price: £4,343 or \$12,160.

Jensens have never been cheap, so there have never been many of them, but they have always had a reputation for novelty. Richard and Alan Jensen, brothers of Danish descent who founded the firm in the early '30s at West Bromwich in the English Midlands, started by building stylish bodies around the engines and chassis of other manufacturers. Currently the firm produces only five normal-drive Jensen cars a week. Each is a painstaking production. Jensen customers (one was the late Clark Gable) "are very special people," explains a director.

Jensen has pioneered the use of big engines with cars of very low weight. The company went to safety belts long ago, and was one of the first to incorporate disc brakes in its vehicles. Now Jensen finds itself right in the forefront again with a concept so revolutionary that it has taken 15 years for it to be adopted at all. The secret of the new car lies in the installation within it of the Ferguson racing car four-wheel-drive system, a cherished dream of the late Irish tractor millionaire Harry Ferguson, and a Dunlop Maxaret braking unit. Neither has been used on a production car before.

The history of the Ferguson invention stretches back to prewar days, when Ferguson envisaged, with a racing motorist called Freddie Dixon, the possibility of building a racing car with four-wheel drive. The thought then was more dreamy than practical. Ferguson was preoccupied with his tractors, but Dixon set about designing a car that he could race and could also use to establish a land-speed record. He was joined in time by

Tony Rolt, another racing driver, and by 1946 the pair had traveled well beyond the original idea of a racing car to the concept of an advanced passenger vehicle.

Four years later, in 1950, the two were desperate for additional brains and money but, fortunately, Harry Ferguson was at last free to provide the backing of his own mind and money. The Harry Ferguson Research organization was founded, and by about 1960, the year Ferguson died, much of the motor industry actually had accepted the four-wheel idea but insisted it was "not practicable in terms of cost." What helped pull many over the first hurdle was a privately made, independently witnessed documentary film. This compared the performance of a prototype vehicle fitted with the Ferguson Formula and Maxaret braking with that of ordinary cars. It is still a whispered legend in the trade.

In the film, the Ferguson car is shown quite clearly outperforming conventional vehicles of the time over atrocious surface conditions. The climax comes when the Ferguson races another car round a circular slippery track. As the driver in the conventional vehicle attempts to prevent the Ferguson from lapping him, he goes into an ignominious spin. "It has taken us all the time since then," says Rolt, "to show the industry that the idea is practicable. The Jensen will prove it."

Of course, four-wheel-drive vehicles are not new. They have been used for cross-country and military work, but their mechanization has been clumsy and their use of fuel and tires extravagant. On normal roads they convert to two-wheel drive but then carry around a great deal of weight which is not working. The Ferguson-type car, in contrast, does not use more gasoline than normal nor wear tires excessively. Its essential apparatus is a simple one. What the Ferguson designers did was to place a master differential between the differentials operating at the front and rear wheels. The result is that the front pair can turn faster than the back pair and vice versa. They act with one another, in other words, and not against.

The master differential gave Ferguson the opportunity to provide a car with perfect braking, *i.e.*, one which will not lock up. Fitting a Maxaret brake (in use on aircraft since 1952) to all four wheels of a car is not only impractical but extremely expensive. Ferguson found a way to work all four brakes off one Maxaret by apply-

(continued)

POT SHOT



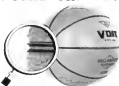
DAISY CO₂200... the happy handgun that's strictly-for-fun!

A barrel of fun to have along... fishing, camping, or on indoor ranges. Uses standard or giant Daisy Jett® CO₂ cartridges (more than 150 shots from the giant size) to propel inexpensive .177 caliber B&Bs semi-automatically at an average velocity of 400 feet per second. Adjustable sights, gun blue epoxy finish, and walnut-toned grips. No "O" ring to leak, either! About \$18.50

Daisy
CO. GUN DIVISION

For more information, see your local dealer or write DAISS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CO., Devon, Box 1165-N, Rogers, Ark. 72756

WHAT'S ROUND, ORANGE, HAIRY AND HAS RAISED SEAMS?



AMF Voit New Profile Basketball, of course.
(We fibbed about the hair!)

Voit New Profile Basketballs are the best. The raised seam feature, previously available only in the top priced game balls, gives nearly twice the life of other basketballs plus better finger-tip control and playability. Most Voit Basketballs also feature Icosahedron® inner construction for strength and perfect roundness. Look for the new raised seam on the AMF Voit New Profile Basketballs.



A DIVISION OF AMERICAN SPORTS & RECREATION, INC.



impala slacks

*Favorite
campus casuals
coast to coast*

GERMAN MFG. CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y. AND
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



The moccasin

A stretchy
Barrie Ltd. of
New Haven. Made
from mellow Puritan
Sueylan—soft cowhide

• full leather lined — not unlined • genuine hand-
down forepart — not machine-stitched • hand-
applied and polished to perfection. Available in Chest-
nut Brown Vest □, Antique Amber Vest □, Light Tan
Vest □, Black Vest □, and Antique Golden Green □.
Order by mail, state shoe size — only \$19.95 post-
paid! Address all orders to Barrie Ltd., Dept. C3
260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

Please brochure on request

Barrie Ltd. Shoes

**NEW HAVEN
SHOES**

AUTOMOBILES

ing it to the master differential. This means that when one brakes hard in the Jensen the pressure is turned on and off many more times than could be achieved by what is known as cadence braking by the driver's foot.

To demonstrate their ideas in competition, the Ferguson Research people in 1961 raced a Grand Prix car in Britain. It won a major race while competing for the third time. Driven by Stirling

Jensen has no regrets over its own heavy research investment and subsequent tooling expenditures on the FF—\$16 million. "People are slow to accept things," says the firm's Brian Owen. "Somebody's got to show it's safer. We are doing that." Under the direction of the firm's 38-year-old chief engineer, Kevin Beattie, they have used the Jensen four-seater C-V8 Mark III, which was introduced in the early summer of



SEPARATE COACHWORK GIVES NO HINT OF JENSEN'S MECHANICAL INNOVATIONS

Moss, the car beat a powerful field of BRMs, Coopers and Lotuses in the 165-mile International Gold Cup at Oulton Park in Cheshire. With this vehicle Moss was able to demonstrate clearly one of the most salient advantages of four-wheel drive. On high-speed corners it had no tendency to break away at the front or rear. Instead it would only drift out while maintaining an arc round the bend. All that was needed to pull it in was to lift the foot off the throttle. "The Ferguson," commented Moss at the time, "is more stable than anything I've ever experienced. It is good in the wet and the dry. In both conditions you can put your foot down harder. You can decelerate later and accelerate longer."

Tony Rolt (Freddie Dixon died a few years ago) now believes that the time of a Ferguson avalanche is near. "It is no longer," he explains, "a question of asking if it can be done, but of deciding when to start doing it." It has been estimated the additional cost to the consumer in the case of a mass-produced vehicle would only amount to 5%, and that would eventually cover the retooling expense.

this year, as the basis of the FF. The two cars, long and rakish, are virtually indistinguishable in appearance and are powered by the same 6.2-liter Chrysler V-8 engine.

"What we set out to do," says Beattie, "was to make the safest car we know how." To this end, over a period of 18 months and many thousands of miles of driving, extensive braking and transmission tests have been carried out.

Few people have, as yet, driven the FF, simply because up until a short time ago only two existed. Nevertheless, certain facts are indisputable. The FF will perform as well and in some areas better than, for example, the C-V8, which can reach a top speed of better than 140 mph and cover a quarter mile from a standing start in 15.5 seconds. "People who have driven it say it's fab," says Brian Owen. But more important to the industry and to anyone who drives cars is what Kevin Beattie said the other day in his dry engineer's language: "The system will provide controllability as long as sufficient friction to obtain any steering response exists between the tires and the road." That's fab.

ENO

The grass may not be greener

Roman Brother is now the best U.S. handicap horse, but he will find the going a good bit different on the turf in the International

Since the turn of the decade there hasn't been much point in horsemen training their best stock to run in a two-mile classic like The Jockey Club Gold Cup. Kelso was around and won five straight cups on his way to five straight Horse of the Year championships. But a few weeks ago Kelso suffered a serious eye infection which in all likelihood will force his permanent retirement, and so it seemed perfectly routine last week at Aqueduct for Lou Wolfson's Roman Brother, who had finished second to Kelso a year ago, to move up to the winner's circle. He became the first Gold Cup recipient other than Kelso since Sword Dancer walked in way back in 1959.

In the process of beating second-place Borehjal and five other undistinguished horses, Roman Brother picked up \$71,500 and his fifth win in 12 starts this year. So overshadowed has he been for most of his career (he is still only a 4-year-old) that it is a little hard to believe he has now won 15 of 39 lifetime starts and a total of \$920,203. Only six horses in racing history—Kelso, Round Table, Nashua, Carry Back, Citation and Swoon's Son—have earned more than this in their careers. If Roman Brother can latch on to the \$90,000 that goes to the winner of the Nov. 11 Washington, D.C., International at Laurel he will move up still another notch in the overall standings, clutch Horse of the Year honors, and become the sixth equine millionaire in history.

Winning the International, however—a mile and a half on turf—may not be quite as easy for Roman Brother as was his cakewalk in the Gold Cup. True, American entries have won seven of the 13 previous Internationals (and five of the last six), but most of these victories were achieved by horses with some sort of established grass form—horses like Kelso, Mongo, T.V. Lark and Bald

Eagle. Roman Brother has no grass form to speak of—only one start at Saratoga, in which he was a lackluster fifth. The other U.S. entry, Hail to All, winner of the Belmont and Travers, was to race on grass for the first time anywhere early this week at Aqueduct. No matter how good these American representatives turn out to be over a strange surface (both, incidentally, are Florida-bred products of Ocala Stud Farms), they may discover the hard way that foreign distance horses are tough competitors in Maryland. Though Sea Bird, Reliance and Russia's Anfin (the first, second and fifth to finish in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe) declined invitations, Diatome, third in the Arc, is coming to represent France and will be a strong late runner. As for the early running, Roman Brother showed in the Gold Cup that he is capable of forcing—or even making—the pace. The English are high on Super Sam, winner of his last five and already a victor this year over Oncidium and Soderinc; and Canada's George Royal beat Hill Rise and Duel in the mile-and-three-quarters San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita last winter. Any of these horses is capable of winning the most wide-open Laurel race in years. And the fact that it is wide open for a change is probably a good thing for the sport of international racing.

If any foreigner wins, it will demonstrate to the entrepreneurs at Laurel that it might be wiser, instead of inviting the name horses like Roman Brother and Hail to All, to ask our most successful grass horses to run. This year they are Parka and Hill Rise. Of course, it may not be necessary to debate this question after the International, because when Roman Brother steps out on the Laurel turf, regardless of who shows up from across the Atlantic, he will represent the best class this country has to offer.

AND

It may replace conversation entirely



Give him
Royal Oak
Scented Lotion
and kiss small
talk goodbye.



Scented
Lotion \$3 & \$5
Deodorant Stick \$2
Soap on Cord, \$2
Set of 3 Bars, \$3
Gift Set (Soap &
Lotion) \$5

If you see a red lion on your glass, you must be drinking a Snifterini.

A Snifterini is Booth's House of Lords—the non-conformist gin from England—on the rocks in a brandy glass with a red lion crest. If you don't see a red lion on your glass—roar!

Also, send \$5 and get four Snifterini glasses of your own. Mail check or money order to Dept. 1, Made in England Co., 1187 McCarter Highway, Newark 4, N.J.



Distilled London Dry Gin, 100% grain neutral spirits, 95 proof, imported by and bottled in the U.S.A. for W.A. Taylor & Co. N.Y.

71

He gets superb stereo equipment.



She gets a new credenza.

Model shown: JC T116 BPN



And Porta-Fi puts music in any room of their house.

Without one extra wire!

That's one of the exciting things about G.E.'s exclusive home-entertainment innovation: Porta-Fi.

Here's how it works. An optional transmitter in the console sends sound through your house wiring. The Porta-Fi speaker plays it, wherever you plug it in. Or you can shut off the console sound and listen to Porta-Fi alone.

And what sound! The G-E Sutton has 113 watts of music power. The balanced speaker system includes a pair of 12" super woofers, two 1,000-cycle exponen-



tial horns, and two 3" super tweeters, all front mounted in acoustically lined, closed chambers.

You get an AM/FM/FM-Stereo Tuner with electronic switching, superb 4-speed changer, G.E.'s Man Made* diamond stylus, and a list of extras as long as your arm.

The answer to everything. You'll find it in 39 stereo consoles and stereo/television combinations, most with Porta-Fi option, a number with tape, too. Priced from under \$150 to over \$1,000**, only at your General Electric dealer.

*Trademark for diamonds manufactured by the General Electric Company.

**Price optional with dealer, subject to Fair Trade where applicable

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILLINOIS



AN ISLAND ASYLUM FOR MAD FISHERMEN

BY JACK OLSEN

Isolated from Portugal by eight miles of rough seas, the 400-year-old fortress (left), built to protect shipping from pirates, is now protecting anglers from the sanity of the mainland

I have been back from my Portuguese fishing trip for some time, and the doctor says I will recover my wits any day now, "just as soon as we stop hallucinating about taking dogs to dinner and swordfish chasing us," as he put it in his usual first-person medical. He wouldn't be so flip about my mental condition if he had met Senhor Parreira or that Frenchman we called "The Body Beautiful" or the Swiss countess with the brassiere problem. Or if he ever got the evil eye from an Atlantic cutlass fish. Or ate mussels.

It started innocently enough. There is this old fortress on the mile-long island of Berlenga, see, about eight miles off the mainland of Portugal, and the government has made it into a fishing lodge where you can catch fish till your arms are ready to fall off, and you can stoke up on ragout, bouillabaisse, lobster, oysters, curry, rabbit, lamb, green wine and 92-year-old brandy. Altogether, a week on Berlenga is guaranteed to put 10 pounds on you. And you can sleep in quaint rooms with 30-foot ceilings and pirate ghosts and native atmosphere, including the fact that there is no hot water, which is a little more native atmos-

phere than I usually would go all the way to Portugal to seek.

Photographer Jerry Cooke and I assembled in Lisbon, rented a taxi and buzzed up the coast to the jumping-off town of Peniche, a fishing community where women walk around with boxes of fish balanced on their heads, grown men actually sit in the square mending fishing nets, and boats loaded with tuna and mackerel come into the harbor under sail while wives and children run down to embrace their loved ones back safely from the deeps. As we loitered around Peniche for half a day, waiting for the boat that would take us out to Berlenga, I kept having a repetitive fantasy: this colorful native scene was being staged for our eyes only, and the minute we got out of sight over the horizon somebody would jump on a box, shout "Cut!" through a megaphone, and all the extras would go home till the next journalists appeared.

I felt much the same about our luncheon scene, acted out on a restaurant balcony overlooking the harbor of Peniche. We vanquished successive courses of leek soup, tomato salad, homemade bread, creamy butter, boiled potatoes,

zucchini, baked sea bass with a light-green sauce, milk, coffee, crème caramel and two bottles of *vinho verde*—the bubbly green wine of northern Portugal. The total bill for the two of us was 40 escudos, or \$1.40. "Forty escudos!" exclaimed the inevitable American expatriate who manages to be around whenever I approach a cash register abroad. "Boy, they must of seen you coming!" I wondered how much Central Casting was paying him.

On the way to Berlenga, across a wild reach of white-capped ocean which we renamed Dramamine Strait, a friendly crew member answered our preliminary questions, the first of which turned out to be a trifle undiplomatic. "What is that beautiful castle overlooking the harbor of Peniche?" I asked.

"Ees political prison."

"What do you do to get thrown in there?"

"Say wrong thing, and zeeereep!"

"Do people discuss politics much in Portugal?"

"Ees no politics in Portugal."

I shifted gracefully to another subject—the fortress we were heading for—and the crewman explained continued

that King Manuel of Portugal had built it in the 16th century to control the raiding activities of pirates who roamed the seas in that area. Then some years later a monastery was built on Berleaga to take advantage of both the island's isolation and the protection of the fort. As the centuries went by, the monastery crumbled into the earth, but the fort remained perched atop its rock slab, connected to the main island by a narrow stone bridge. Eleven years ago the Portuguese government decided to open the fortress to the public, hiring the champion amateur fisherman of Portugal, Senhor Antonio Parreira, to run the place. What could my new Portuguese friend tell me about Senhor Parreira? "A worry brave man," he said, and that was all I could get out of him.

My first conversation with Parreira proved to be a harbinger. He spoke only Portuguese and French, not two of my better languages, and we talked through a pair of interpreters and a few hangers-on. "These are certainly heavy," I said as I tried to pull out a square-cut chair in the reception room. "Why are they so heavy? Why? Porque? Pourquoi? Warum?"

"They are heavy because they belong to the government," Senhor Parreira answered. "The silverware is heavy, too."

"Why is that?"

"Because it belongs to the government also."

"Why does that make it heavy?"

Parreira looked at me as if I were an idiot. "Everything that belongs to the government is heavy," he said.

"Oh," I said. He pecked up my rod and reel and began shaking his head dolefully. "No good," he said. He just happened to be looking at my Ambassador 6000, my second most valuable possession, a small jewel of a reel made in Sweden and loaded with 17-pound-test line and, as far as I was concerned, capable of handling anything up to whales.

"Too small," he said. "This will not catch the fish."

"I caught a 42-pound striped bass with it," I said.

"American fish are not Portuguese fish."

"Hmph!" I said cleverly.

Apparently Parreira brooded over my superior attitude toward his superior at-

titude, because he never wasted a chance after that to try to prove to me that he was the consummate angler. Once he nonchalantly dumped out a box of some six dozen medals and ribbons: prizes he had won in Portuguese fishing contests. I said they were beautiful. Another time he announced that he had caught about 125,000 fish in his life. "The fish must hate you," Photographer Cooke told him in French.

"Oui?" said Parreira. "*Je sais Dullagee*?" He explained to me, the ignorant nonlinguist, that he was Public Enemy No. 1 to the fish and "their FBI," which he pronounced "eff hay ee."


Nevertheless, I learned to like Sr. Parreira as the days wore on. He is a handsome man in his mid-50s, with a reddish-brown complexion, black wavy hair and perpetually sleepy eyes (because, I found out later, he is perpetually sleepy). He is a man who tends to see life solely in terms of fishing (a definite plus on his record). One day he explained to me that the Americans and the Russians were crazy for wanting to go to the moon. "I could understand it," he said, "if there were fish in the Sea of Tranquility." He is something of a student of women, because he frequently finds himself teaching them to fish in the troubled waters around Berleaga, and he feels that he has come to understand the women of all countries except England. "What puzzles me," he explained, "is that some of the English moves have very beautiful women in them, but the Englishwomen who come here to fish don't look like the movies. I have come to the conclusion that England must have special girls for export."

Years of dealing with foreigners have taught Parreira to speak with his hands. His most frequent comment is hands flat, palms upraised and pushing upwards, accompanied by lifting eyebrows and a slightly tilting head. Anyone who has had experience with gestures will recognize instantly that this means: "Who knows?" which proved to be a very useful set of gestures, because at the Pousada de São João Baptista nobody knows when meals are served, when boats are leaving or arriving, when the generator is going to cut out and dump the whole

continued



Antonio Parreira, fishkeeper and fisherman extraordinaire, modestly admits he has caught some 125,000 fish. He once took 243 in three hours, aided by two assistants who unhooked the fish.



Don't turn your back

Photo contributed by Paul Buckworth.

Your community needs your experience in helping to maintain its American tradition of people voluntarily helping people. Whether you are an executive with a national corporation, a local business or professional leader, you can help set the example by taking an active role in your United Way programs.

Offer your skills to help in planning for human needs, to assist in budgeting for

organizing and conducting United Way campaigns in your community.

Only when goals are met can human needs of those who require care, love and hope be fulfilled, and communities made healthier and happier places for all citizens today and tomorrow. Participating in your United Fund or Community Chest is one way to affirm your confidence in the American way of life.

Your One Gift Works Many Wonders/ THE UNITED WAY/ 

25 million families benefit from child care, family service, youth guidance, health programs and services for the armed forces through 34,500 United Way agencies.

place into darkness, or even what day of the week it is. And after one taste of Portuguese fishing at Berlenga nobody much cares.

In the waters surrounding Berlenga Island there are so many fish of so many sizes and shapes that the only problem confronting the angler is fatigue. There are excellent food fish like gray bass, Atlantic tuna, pollack and blues; ferocious fish like the Atlantic cutlass, conger eel, dusky shark and moray; and fish with odd names like the wrasse, gurnard and St. Peter's fish. There are so many fish that the inmates of Pousada de São João Baptista disdain the use of bait. The customary terminal tackle consists of a heavy metal plug called the *zagaia* and, a few feet up the line, a plastic worm. One casts this rig from a drifting dory, lets it sink 100 to 200 feet to the bottom, then retrieves it in jerks. If the fish are running, one hauls up "doubles"—one fish on each hook—almost invariably. Singles are left in the water until they become doubles. Now and then a school of Atlantic cutlass fish comes through and terrifies the women

—and some of the men—on board; the other men just get annoyed, because the cutlass wrecks so much tackle. He is a ferocious-looking devil who lives only in the eastern Atlantic and the Mediterranean—which is a good thing, because if he lived in U.S. waters Atlantic City would be a ghost town.

At first glance the cutlass fish (*poisson-sable* in French, *espada* in Portuguese) looks like a flattened eel. He is about one and a half inches thick, four or five inches high and six or seven feet long, with a translucent fin about an inch wide down his back. His skin is exactly the color of chromium and flashes accordingly. His head is triangular and his teeth are shaped like needles, and his disposition is vintage Rogers Hornsby. If an Atlantic cutlass fish manages to throw a lure, he will not skulk off to safety like a largemouth bass or a tarpon; he will come right back to smack that lure again and again. Battling in water discolored by his own blood, the cutlass does not quit until he is caught or the lure is snapped off the line. Experienced fishermen like Parreira believe

that the locally designed *zagaia* plug is the best lure for the cutlass, but when a school of them moves in they will hit anything. As a French fishing editor wrote: "One has the impression that a collar button, a mustard-pot lid or the metatarsal of a cavalryman would produce the same result: an immediate and brutal attack."

Perhaps the best way to describe the profusion of cutlass and other fish in Berlenga waters is to recount three hours in the life of Senhor Parreira several years ago. As an experiment, he decided to find out how many fish one man could catch if he were freed from time-consuming tasks like taking fish off the hook and changing lures. So out he sailed with two extra rods and two assistants to handle the menial chores, and started hauling in fish as fast as was humanly possible. At the end of an exhausting three hours, using the *zagaia* and plastic worms, Parreira had landed 75 sea bass, 24 sea bream, 16 pollack, 92 mackerel and 36 cutlass fish for a grand total of 243 fish weighing 1,289 pounds. He could not go on with the experiment because he could no longer raise his arms.

After that feat Parreira became famous all over Europe, but especially in France, through the medium of fishing journals like *Tout le Pêche* and *Plaisirs de la Pêche*, which not only told of his fishing skill but also how to get to the pousada and how inexpensive it was. As a final blandishment the articles stressed that Parreira spoke excellent French, and the invasion was on. Nowadays the Pousada de São João Baptista has been so thoroughly Gallicized that it is practically indistinguishable from any old garden-variety castle in Brittany—which is both good and bad. The appearance of wholesale numbers of Frenchmen means that the food must be better than average, that the beds must be reasonably comfortable and that there must be an adequate wine list. But it also means that you will eat with dogs. This is a new hobby in France: gussying up your dog and taking him to dinner with you. Cooke and I were halfway through our first soup course when a French party arrived: two men, a woman, a wire-haired dachshund and a boxer. The boxer crawled



The boxer with the unpronounceable triple-sound name went everywhere his master went. He was a good dog, but suffered—with his master—a separation complex. They even got seiseik together.



Monaco 500, crown jewel of Dodge's top-of-the-line Monaco Series of sedans, hardtops and wagons for 1966. You'll recognize Monaco immediately, with its elegant, trunk-wide taillights. And a fascinating list of standard equipment to go along with its good looks. Examples:

foam-padded bucket seats up front. V8 power. Console. Carpeting. Your choice of two absolutely splendid interior treatments. And more, lots more. So, you men with unbridled imagination and a craving for action—move away from the crowd. At a reasonable price. Step into

Monaco and start a little following of your own. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

'66 Dodge Monaco

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Don't follow the leader...drive it.





The jet is fairly common. The airline is one of a kind.



You see Jets just about everywhere these days.

Big airlines have them. Small airlines have them.

And with good reason: the Jet is the modern way to go places.

But there's more to running an airline than having a fleet of the finest aircraft.

And there's much more to *choosing*

an airline than comparing timetables or menus. What you want more than anything else is confidence, peace of mind, assurance. Call it what you will, it means everything.

And it's yours when you fly the world's most experienced airline.

Come fly with us soon.

You can board a Jet Clipper® in any one of 17 cities 'round the U.S.A.

You can plan a trip to any one of 83 lands 'round the world.

And, wherever you go, you'll have the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is.

There's nothing like it in all the world.

World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific

First in Latin America
First 'Round the World

under the table and the *slachshand* climbed onto a pillow (placed lovingly on the chair by his master) and began studying the house, including me and my soup, neither of which seemed to smell good to him. Cooke smiled politely at the dog and asked the master, "What is his name?"

"Etienne," said the Frenchman, "and he is not familiar."

I ate a total of seven lunches and seven dinners seated next to Etienne, and after a while he didn't seem to mind me so much. One night Cooke and I suddenly realized that the dog had been coming to dinner in different collars. This time he was wearing a green leather model with enameled gold shells and a tiny green purse dangling from it.

"What does he keep in the purse?" Cooke asked the Frenchman.

"What else? *Marmite*!"

The boxer turned out to have a name unpronounceable to anyone but a Frenchman, containing as it did a triple vowel such as the ones in impossible words like *fauvairil* and *aeil*. He was a well-behaved dog, curling up under the table at mealtimes, but his problem was that he suffered from a separation neurosis, and so did his master. Neither could leave the other. This meant that the boxer had to be taken out on the bounding waves every day when the master fished. There never had been any overabundance of fishing-boat space at the *pousada*; normally one traveled to the fishing hole in a powerboat that dragged two dories, then transferred to a dory and spent the rest of the day trying to keep from capsizing along with three or four boatmates. Mix a 75-pound salivating boxer into this recipe and imagine the result. The happiest person I saw on the island was a German who came rushing up to me one night at dinner and said, "Dey got searick, da two of 'em! Oh, *waserhund*!" Who got searick? "*Der Franzone und der Boxer Hund!*" It was to hear the German tell it, the most rewarding angling experience of his life.

I asked Parreira what years of studying such situations had taught him about national characteristics, if any, of fishermen. "I explain," he explained through

his usual meddle of interpreters. "The English fisherman wants to impose his will on the fish, and he comes here, like you, with tackle that he insists on using. I have in my house a museum of useless fishing tackle, and most of it was left here by Englishmen. The Italians are mainly fishermen of lakes and rivers; there are no fish left in the Mediterranean, and so they are willing to learn and they present no problems. The Germans are more adaptable than the English and they know more than the Italians, but they get mad. Whenever anybody loses his temper around here, it's always a German. But the Frenchman? He is wonderful and crazy. The Frenchman catches a fish this long and when he gets back to the *pousada* it's *ties* long and when he gets back to France it's **THIS** long. But he adapts himself well to changing conditions."

"And brings his dog along," I interjected.

"And he will fish for anything, day and night. In France are four million fishermen and only eight or nine fish, so when he comes here the Frenchman cannot stop fishing. If it is blowing out-

side, he goes down to the dock and fishes for sardines. We have here a French woman from Evreux who hurries her dinner every night so she can finish her evening by sitting up on the ramparts fishing for eels."

"And when we are fishing for the swordfish, only the Frenchman is not afraid. Sometimes the swordfish will rush the boat and try to stick his sword through the side. While everybody else is screaming, the Frenchman is standing up and shouting, '*Très amusante! Beaucoup de sport!*'"

Even on land, the Frenchman at Berlenga managed to be the center of attention. Seated near us in the restaurant was a Parisian we came to know as The Body Beautiful because he strutted about in short shorts showing off what he quite clearly imagined were handsome legs. Personally I felt they were just average. All day long he would fish in old denim slacks, and then he would come to dinner in short shorts; the only person I have known who undressed for dinner. One day he was to be found wading about in the seaweed-strewn rocky shallows with what looked like a butterfly

continued



In the waters surrounding Berlenga Island, there are no mean fish of no mean sizes and shapes that the only problems confronting the anglers are fatigue and the identification of his catch.



Gordie Howe—star right winger, Detroit Red Wings

'Chap Stick' lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips

Chap Stick lip balm—star right winger, Detroit Red Wings
 Whenever you go with Chap Stick, you go with...
 Chap Stick lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips
 Chap Stick lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips

Whenever
 you go
 with—



Chap Stick
 lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips

Even if you've never seen them riding to the hounds, your Knox says you have



A racy, young hat from its dashing ornament to its luxurious suede finish.
 For the Sportsman, \$16.95. **KNOX FOXHOUND**

ISLAND ASYLUM

net, and at lunchtime he came back with a few small shrimp and a bagful of mussels, which he consumed as a pre-lunch appetizer with a bottle of white wine. He invited me to taste a mussel, and all I could make out from the thin slippy meat was the essence of seawater and the grit of sand. It was like a sip of the Jersey flats at low tide. At least I recognized his gesture as a friendly act, which is more than I can say for any of the gestures made by his buxom, adolescent wife during our visit. She used to keep everyone waiting at dawn while she tried to decide whether to go fishing or sleep some more. At sea, she kept pointing to her mouth and saying to Parrera, "Mangere? Mangere?" whether it was time to return for a meal or not. One day the placid Parrera told her off. "You wait till we're finished fishing," he said. "You kept us all waiting this morning. Now you just wait!"

The woman turned to The Body Beautiful and kept repeating, "On vent la soupe! On vent la soupe!"

"What means 'On vent la soupe'?" I whispered to Cooke.

"She wants her soup," he explained.

Not that all the entertainment at Pousada de São João Baptista was provided by the French. A Swiss woman, rumored to be some sort of courtesan, arrived with her husband and a bagful of table scraps which she had carried in from Zurich to feed to the Portuguese dogs. "It's a cruel country," she said to me, her green eyes focused a foot above and beyond my head. "They abandon dogs on the beaches here." Each day as her husband fished she assembled the various dogs of the castle about her and fed them Swiss table scraps, which went over big with all the dogs except Etienne. The courtesan made a favorite of one of the castle's mounts, picking him up and squeezing him so hard that he would yelp to be liberated. "What is she trying to teach him?" Parrera asked me.

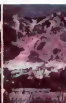
"She's trying to teach him to bite her," I said, just as the dog snapped at her hand.

"What a good teacher she is!" Parrera said.

Each night when the catch was unloaded, the Swiss lady would stand around

continued

SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI **COLORADO** AND SKI AND SKI AND
 SKI AND SKI AND SKI **WINTER VACATIONLAND** AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI AND SKI **NEXT TO HEAVEN** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI **NEXT TO SOLITUDE** AND SKI
 AND SKI **DRY-POWDERED STEEPS** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND
 SKI AND SKI AND SKI **FLUFF-MANTLED BOWLS** AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI **WIDE-PACKED BROADWAYS** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND **CHAIRS, GONDOLAS** AND SKI AND
 SKI AND SKI AND **SUN 'N BLUE SKY** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI AND **BOUNCY APRÈS-SKI** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND
 SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND **FAMILY FUN** AND SKI
 AND SKI AND **CHARMING RESORTS** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND
 SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND **VIBRANT PEOPLE** AND SKI AND SKI
 AND SKI AND **MAHOGANY TANS** AND SKI AND SKI AND SKI AND
YODEL LAUGHTER LILT. COME. LIVE IT ALL. AND SKI COLORADO!



colorado ski country card

Name **COLORADO DIV. OF COMMERCE & DEVELOPMENT**
 301 State Capitol Bldg. Denver, Colo. 80202

Please send me the Information Packet, including my free County
 USA Map and complete resort details and prices on all the
 areas, accommodations, transportation and special events.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Move to the mild side



Go modern. Go mild. Make the smoothest drinks you've ever made. Make more different kinds of drinks better. Make them with **CORBY'S** . . . fine whiskey on the mild side.

BLENDED WHISKEY—68 AND 80 PROOF—40-45% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

wringing her hands. "Oh, those poor things!" she said. "They're dead!"

"We've all got to go sometime, my dear," her husband said one night, striking a new low in banality, even for a Swiss, and to the woman's eternal credit she did not agree with him. I wonder about the "countess" even now. She had that faraway look in her eye: she enjoyed posturing about the castle courtyard, drying her waist-length hair, and she always seemed to have something wrong with her brassiere. This is not my own conclusion but one based on an overheard conversation between two Frenchwomen while fishing one day. They seemed alternately angry and puzzled by the Swiss woman's brassiere: I could not gather whether they thought it was too tight or too loose or what, but certainly it was not the sort of brassiere that a Parisian gentlewoman would wear, one could be sure of that, *certainement*? There was also some prolonged discussion about the lady's nationality and accent and aristocratic standing, if any. "Well!" said one of the women. "I'm sure you know, a Swiss passport means nothing, absolutely nothing!" An Englishman nudged me, pointed to the two fishwives, and said, "Crackers!"

This Englishman was no bargain himself, if you want to know the truth. He arrived unheralded one morning, looking exactly like James Joyce in some of those old pictures in Trieste: short tie flapping out the front of his jacket, steel-rimmed glasses, sandals on his feet and a bemused smile playing about the corner of his mouth, as though he had something on everyone of us. He spent most of his time hiking around the parapets with a jaunty step like those old folks who stride briskly past one's window on cruise ships, doing the mile-a-day that the doctor prescribed to ward off ultimate justice. When I asked him what he did for a living (a typical American question), he put me in my place properly. "I'm a spy," he said. The next day he loosened up a bit and confided to me. "I'm beginning to feel these bloody prison walls pressing in on me." The following day he announced, in that public-school accent of his that made every word sound like a Sachseverell Swell

continued

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

AMERICA'S FINEST
WRITING INSTRUMENT



A GIFT OF

Lasting Value

Cross Pens and Pencils are available from four fifty to fifty dollars each in solid 14K, gold, gold filled, sterling and lustrous chrome.

WRITE WITH THE BEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS

A.T. CROSS

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

© 1984 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, N.E.



New RCA Victor portable TV transistorized for longer service free performance

This 12" Minkin portable TV has no amplifying tubes to heat up, burn out. 25 long-life transistors help eliminate the cause of most TV service calls: burned out tubes. At \$149.95,* the Minkin costs a little more than all-tube sets—but you'll save the difference on tubes and service calls. The Minkin is built to last longer, too, with dependable RCA Solid Copper Circuits. See it today.

*With tube rental. 4 years/24 hrs. — 3 years/1000 hrs. with dealer.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics



STACY-ADAMS



Stacy-Adams sets the pace... so do the men who wear them

The Stacy-Adams Town Boot. Most welcome this moment when a refreshing change of pace is just what gentlemen are looking for. Culling the best from the boot-trends in ease of fit and feeling of ease. Style #141 in black smooth calf, on the finest last in the world. Stacy-Adams Shoe Illustrated \$35.50. For nearest merchant, write Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Massachusetts. Est. 1875.

English Leather®



...the SHOWER SOAP
on a cord, packed in a
redwood box \$3.95.
Purified with ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION, \$4.95 for the set.

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Antartex Sheepskin Jackets from Scotland

The finest suedes and sheepskins are used to make Antartex Jackets and Coats. 14 styles, 10 colors, in prices ranging from \$75 to \$155. Write for catalogue or visit one of the ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS.

New York City, 139 E. 76th at Lex. LE 5-9079
Cambridge, Mass. 50A Boylston 868-6083
Middleburg, Va., U.S. 50 587 6545
Coconut Grove, Fla. 3460 Main 444 0955



Smoke
**BOND
STREET**
the pipe tobacco
that stays lit



\$79... 7-day Golf Vacation!
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

Play all you desire 18 hole championship
course FREE DAILY GOLF LESSON! Luxu-
rious accommodations. Heated pools.
Tennis. Movies. Entertainment. All only
\$10 per person for 7 days and nights.
Write today for free color brochure.

SCOTTSDALE COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
SCOTTSDALE P-3, ARIZONA

ISLAND ASYLUM continued

production. "I do prefer Madeira, really I do. It's a ravishing island, not like this at all." Then, lowering his voice, he told me that he was frankly annoyed with all the Frenchmen in the pousada. "It's that bloody language of theirs," he said. "They can be saying the most puerile things, and they sound intelligent. The poor Portuguese can be saying the most intelligent things, and they sound puerile. Ever so unfair, wouldn't you say, old fellow?"

There was, for a fact, so much of this *Shop of Fools* byplay going on all around us that Cooke and I were hard pressed to go about our appointed task, which was to learn about the fishing on the island. For my own part, I was also slow to get started because of stark terror. The Portuguese fisherman does not carry the favor of the sea, he attacks it. In all kinds of weather the boats of the pousada put out, dragging faithful dories behind. The prospect of being cut loose from the mother boat in heavy water out of sight of land, and smack in the middle of the shipping lanes, and with a boxer dog lapping at my eyes, did not appeal to my basically gentle nature. I felt at one with the Englishman who had staggered to the dock at dawn, drowsed to the ears in the latest angling togs from Harrods, clambered on board the crowded boat and then scuttled back to the shore. "What are you doing?" Parrera asked.

"I'm not going," the Englishman said.

"Why not?"

"I'm scared," the Englishman said.

My own natural feeling of cowardice was not allayed by the story Parrera told me one night through an interpreter who was even less apt than the customary ones. Parrera spoke for about 30 minutes, a short peroration for a Portuguese, whereupon the interpreter interpreted:

"He says he goes one time to the Farilhões Islands near here with a party of French people—a father, a mother, an old lady of 70 was a grandmother, and a little boy. They are towed to this little tiny island to fish, and the fisherman who tows them he is going to come back in three hours and pick them up. Soon comes up the sea, a bitter squall, and the sea it pounds over this little rock and

continued



Preferred by motorists in 67 countries

Motorists all over the world rely on Valvoline Motor Oil. It's the *rugged* motor oil! Meets the rough, tough demands of modern driving! Valvoline is the *only* motor oil with Chemuloy, an exclusive development of advanced research that makes sure your engine

stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result—you get longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline, world's first—world's finest motor oil. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers and speed shops.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Freedom, Pa., Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company



Sumptuousness is a trip on Lufthansa

Our airline is renowned for dependability, famous for efficiency, esteemed for congeniality. But, most of all, we specialize in whims and wishes.

Going to almost any lengths to please, our passengers has made us one of the top 4 airlines to Europe. We will whip up

a culinary masterpiece for you, tap a slumbering keg of wine or beer—in short, leave nothing to be desired.

Let us show you what we mean. For royal world-wide service with us, call your Travel Agent. Or Lufthansa German Airlines—offices in all principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.



sweeps away the picnic baskets and the rods and everything. And Senhor Parreira and the French peoples all is standing in their necks in water and praying for the fisherman to come back and pick them up. Now the old lady was smart, because she thought perfectly what is going to happen. She sees the tide is rising, and she sank to make things easier to the others. She sank to don't make things worse."

"She sank?" I asked.

"Yes," said the interpreter. "To keep them the spirits up. First she sank a French song, and then she sank some songs the senhor no more remembers."

Finally the fisherman arrived in his large boat and dispatched his son in a skiff to recover the beleaguered anglers. But when Parreira climbed into the skiff, the father shouted to the boy (according to the interpreter), "Now row back! Don't taking no more peoples! Is too dangerous!" Parreira pulled a knife on the boy and said, "You die with me if you don't save those people." All were saved in a chilling adventure featuring a leap from the rock to the boat by the old lady, who landed square on Parreira's leg and broke it.

Such mishaps were as invigorating to Parreira as they were dismaying to me. One day while we were at the pousada a wind came up, and the seas churned into 20-foot waves and troughs. Parreira and a Frenchman, far at sea in a dory, discussed the worsening blow. "There are two possibilities," the Frenchman said. "One, that we will turn back and catch no fish. Two, that we will go ahead and be drowned."

"Quite so," said Parreira. "The first possibility is therefore out of the question."

Another day during our tenure at Berenga, Parreira went out in a larger boat, and his companion, a fellow Portuguese, was overcome by a carbon-monoxide leak in the cabin. The poor man's skin turned green, his eyes reddened and watered and his face began to bloat out of shape. Just as they were about to run for help, Parreira hauled up a double. His sick companion revived, grabbed a rod and, alternately hauling up fish and retching, joined Parreira in landing 125

continued

We have nothing against paper bags. They have served mankind well for many years. But let's face it. Our Bottle Master® is a better idea. Tougher. More gracious. More versatile. It handles 2 to 12 bottles of all sizes. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging

This was
multiple
packaging
before Mead
came along



Mead Packaging-46, a division of the Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio



Cartoon by
Isadore Selinger

Be a sport!

One gift works many wonders
the United Way

8 times more power to relieve pain of hemorrhoids!

**Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain!
Prolonged relief of pain, burning and
itching starts in minutes.**

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. A leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast... gives prolonged relief... because it has over eight times more pain-killing power than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetics!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep... thus puts pain to sleep. Let's you go about your business... relieved of the stinging pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Suppositories today—with free, handy pocket-pack. Start to live again, in comfort! (Ointment also available.)



Nupercainal®

NO LIGHTER LIKE IT



No flint, no friction wheel. Push a button, Rowenta lights up instantly, electronically. Set Rowenta down, the flame goes out. Butane flame adjusts for pipes and cigars. Impressive in chrome with black morocco trim. Even more so in gold finish. Gift-cased with battery and fuel supply.

Rowenta Electronic Lighter by *Sunbeam*

built with integrity-backed by service
©Sunbeam Rowenta ©1981 Sunbeam Corporation

KIMBALL Fiber Glass

SNOW skis

WATER skis



The tough
ness of glass makes
sking trouble-free. Scientific
design makes sking easy, more fun.
Unprecedented warranties. See your dealer.



K&S

KIMBALL-SCHMIDT, INC.
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

K&S

EVER TRIED A PAIR OF LEATHER BRITCHES?

Europeans have been wearing 'em for centuries. Ours last almost that long, look good too. The comfort amazes. Austrian-made with deep front, side and leg pockets. Adjustable leong. Grey suede green trim. Suspenders included. Women's 8-18 Men's 28-38 Send \$18.50 p.p.d.

Alpine Hut

Alpine Hut, Inc., 4111 1st Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105
Send for more prices, enclosed—FREE



Prevent heartbreak and hunger across the world — each dollar sends a Food Crusade package through CARE, New York 10016.

ISLAND ASYLUM

in two hours. On the way home the motor conked out, and Parreira caught 30 more. The Portuguese attitude toward life was summed up by the grizzled old sailor who rowed the sick man from the larger boat to the dock at the pousada later. "Hurry," said the victim. "Make your arms go fast. I am very ill."

"So what?" said the ancient mariner. "If you die it means nothing."

By the end of a week of such happenings at the pousada, the visitor has hauled in so many fish of so many species that the thrill is sharply diminished, like the second week of a marriage. This is the time to go hiking across the reddish granite roof of the island or for a cruise through the island's spectacular grottoes—some 200 of them. One watery path threads its way for 400 yards, black and silent, through the rocks, and when you put your hand in the water it glows green and gold from phosphorescence. Another grotto leads to a natural amphitheater, 500 feet high and acoustically sound, where you can make yourself sound like the Robert Shaw Chorus by humming a few bars of *Carmina Burana*.

When such sights and sounds pall, you can always study the fortress with its secret passages, ways and gunports and rusty cannon lying disused on the roof, and its old iron rings sticking out of solid rock, making you wonder what they tethered, or whom. You can even do a modest Hamlet, the resemblance to Elsinore, with waves pounding against the rocks far below, is spooky, and I must confess I got carried away late one dark and windy night, all alone and striding the ramparts like my ancestral countryman, the prince of Denmark. Looking furtively to left and right, I stalked out on the watchtower and struck a heroic pose. "To be," I cried, "or not to be."

I heard a cough. It was the Frenchwoman going about her nightly task of fishing for eels de France. She was sitting in shadow at the other parapet and looking at me strangely. "Bon ou?" I said exuberantly, as though I had known she was there all the time. She turned back to her fishing. I can hear her now, telling her friends in Evreux what nuts the Americans are.

END

STEP
OUT FRONT
IN '66...in a Rocket Action Olds!



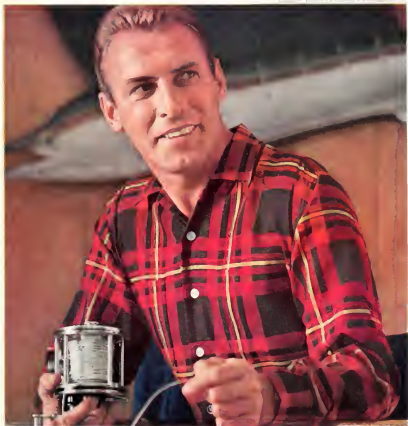
You'd expect a wagon this big and beautiful to cost a bundle more.
But that's Oldsmobile's Vista-Cruiser for you. Full of surprises.



First surprise: Vista-Cruiser's distinctive look. Downright extravagant. Next: Room. Loads of it. Over 100 cubic feet of it! Next: Comfort. Foam-padded Moroccan seats—all facing forward. Then: Ride Like a glide. Four coil springs. Full 120-inch wheelbase. Performance! Rocket V-8 action all the way. Best surprise of all: Price. Mighty low for such a mighty big wagon! **LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!**

Fortrel

the fiber that keeps these luxurious
tartans wrinkle-free and comfortable



Donaghy's "Coachman" shirt was designed with the sportsman in mind—not to be pampered. The fabric is a luxurious wash and wear twill of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Distinctively tailored and carefully matched in ten bold, beautiful, colorful tartans. Sizes S to XL. About \$8. Available at Baskin, Chicago and suburbs; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Meier & Frank, Portland & Salem; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Fortrel...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOGS IN THE HILLS

Sirs:

It has taken the people of Arkansas many years to overcome the hillbilly image imposed upon it by radio's late and beloved Bob Burns. Now Dan Jenkins comes along and uses a hillbilly song as the theme for his description of the No. 1 Razorbacks' win over the Texas Longhorns (*Arkansas on Top of the World*, Oct. 25). We true fans prefer to forget the corny stuff and remember instead those athletes who have given our state a great sports image—men like Bill Dickey, Clyde (Smackover) Scott, Lance Alworth, Dizzy and Paul Dean, Paul (Bear) Bryant, George Kell, Johnny Sain and, more recently, Dick Sikes.

JOE BRINDLEY

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

After 19 consecutive victories, Arkansas is "on top of the world," yet Dan Jenkins portrays us as a gang of Cindarella hillbillies. Hogsash!

DAVID A. DANIELS

Dermott, Ark.

● For another Jenkins look at Arkansas and further reflections on notable Razorbacks, see page 30.—ED.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article on Arkansas' victory over Texas was a truly colorful and accurate piece of reporting, except for one glaring error. He says, "Texas thus moved four points up . . . and not a 'whoooo, pig, soooo!' was to be heard anywhere." In truth, at that point, the loyalty of Razorback fans was demonstrated with the loudest, longest 'whoooo, pig, soooo!' yell of the day!

BLETT H. ALLEN

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

It is quite evident that this Jenkins cannot hear too well. Immediately after Texas made its final field goal, there came a soul-shaking "whoooo, pig!" like I have never heard before, and I have heard many of them during the past years. There was hardly a minute when the student body was not urging their beloved Hogs on.

N. R. PERVO

Joplin, Mo.

FOR THE BIRDS

Sirs:

SI and Walter Bimson really know how to hurt a guy (*The Week 2,000 Pheasants Fell*, Oct. 25).

I read Mr. Bimson's account of his week-

long stay in Scotland immediately upon my own return from the first Pelee Island pheasant shoot of the year and it took me 14 hours of tramping over rain-soaked terrain to bag my liberal two-day limit of 10 birds. Mind you, I don't (unduly) covet Mr. Bimson his opportunity to live and shoot in the grand manner. But I do resent his calling the outing a hunting party.

Mr. Bimson may have been on a helluva shoot, or he may have participated in a bumper bird harvest—but hunt he did not. We of the tattered-canvas-coat-and-pump-gun set would call it a different sport.

ED PIVCEVIC

Westlake, Ohio

Sirs:

Killing more than 2,000 birds in six days hardly qualifies as sport. My own conviction has always been that the killing is secondary to the relaxation and enjoyment of the fields and woods, but Mr. Bimson's article, apparently motivated by pride of accomplishment, seemed devoid of this understanding. Hunting, in the true sense of the word, is one thing, wholesale slaughter quite another. Coming home with the game pocket full is certainly rewarding, but an empty one should not imply that the day was fruitless.

THOMAS R. BROOKS, M.D.

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

I am sure you'll get a bushel of anguished protests against such "slaughter," but I really enjoyed Walter Bimson's Scottish shooting article. As Mr. Bimson said, few Americans realize that in Europe wildlife is the responsibility not of the public at large but of the landowners on whose property it is to be found. Hunting thus becomes a necessary harvesting job, to cull out a herd or flock to conserve it and keep it healthy.

My grandfather's generation shot birds in Scotland the way Mr. Bimson relates it. I frankly can't afford to do so, but it is wonderful to know that such exemplary shooting and hospitality exist for those who can.

BILL DAVIDSON

Tucson

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

Sirs:

Big Bill Russell's picture on the cover of your October 25 issue intrigued me enough so that I wanted to read just how he "psychs" his opponents in the NBA. After reading the first paragraph, I knew if he can "psych" an SI author into confusing Noah and Dan Webster he can do anything.

I am certain that Russell's several years in Boston have kept him in the proper cultural milieu to know that Daniel Webster once saved Dartmouth College (and the va-

lidity of charters in general) by arguing before the Supreme Court with the immortal, "It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet, there are those who love it." Noah Webster, on the other hand, is the lexicographer who spent a lifetime writing dictionaries and defining such words as psychology.

This sample of "psyching" was probably included to that Rudy La Russo of Dartmouth and the L.A. Lakers and one of the rare Ivy League pros would be thinking of which Webster was which while playing against the Celtics instead of concentrating on the basket.

More power to Russell and all the Celtics. They provide a magnificent spectacle as the most proficient organization in any professional sport. Long may they reign!

WILLIAM R. COLLINS, M.D.

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

Thank you for your absorbing article, *The Patch and Its Other Tricks*, by Bill Russell and Bob Ottum. Naturally, I'm a loyal Celtics fan, so I chuckled with delighted admiration as Bill revealed his "laws." Just one thing, Daniel Webster never stood at the top of the key but, like Russell, he was a master psychologist with a talent for gab. However, the grandfather of American lexicography was Noah Webster, still another New England boy!

BOB MARBLE

Natick, Mass.

RUNAWAY HOGS

Sirs:

I am sure that your recent selection of Lloyd Cardwell, *The Wild Hoss of the Plains*, as the legend of Midwest college football (*Sporting Reports*, Sept. 20) was enthusiastically endorsed by anyone who followed Nebraska football in the '20s and '30s and saw this great runner in action. Your recounting of his meeting with Jay Berwanger of Chicago on September 28, 1935 was particularly interesting to me, and it has prompted me to point out that you neglected to mention its climax.

It was late in the game when Berwanger, a heroic figure in a hopeless cause, suddenly broke over his own right tackle, cut to the middle and, with his peculiar high-kneed, half-sitting gait, charged straight for the goalposts and the lone figure that blocked his way. The lone figure was Cardwell, normally a halfback on defense but, on this occasion, the safety man in the old 6-2-2-1.

The excited crowd of 33,000 suddenly became quiet at this direct confrontation of the two stars. Berwanger looked unstoppable. To even attempt it invited suicide. Berwanger swerved neither right nor left as the Wild Hoss warily gathered speed, then

charged upright into the mass of pumping knees. The impact resounded as the quiet stadium like the proverbial thunderclap. Both players crumpled flat on the turf, stunned. After about 10 seconds, the Wild Hoss staggered to his feet and remained in the game. Bervanger was assisted off the field.

HAL MOYER

Homeswood, Ill.

SECOND THOUGHTS

Sirs:

I may be just an Ivy League jerk myself but, judging from her letter in defense of the Borkmakers (19th Hous., Oct. 18), I would say that Shay Kiel (Miss Purdue 1965) sounds pretty cool. My only question now is what does a Borkmakerette look like?

JACK SANDS

Cambridge, Mass.

• See below.—ED.



Sirs:

I would like to defend Don Jenkins from Purdue's irate Borkmakers. I have been dating a lovely Kappa Alpha Theta from Purdue since I met her last April in Nassau. All this time I've been wondering why she has come to Princeton, with so many guys at Purdue. Thanks to Mr. Jenkins' article I now know why she has been traveling 650 miles to see me—I can do the jerk!

BRYANT CROUSE

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Re Howard Clark's letter, the Beta Zeta Chapter of Theta Chi fraternity from Michigan State University regrets to inform our brothers from Purdue that there will be no room available on the Theta Chi Club Car so the Rose Bowl.

CHUCK WESTNER

East Lansing, Mich.

continued



Fond of things
Italiano?

Having a party? Invite Galliano, the legendary liqueur that sparkles with Italian sunshine... and makes dazzling good cocktails. For those with an adventurous taste, the following recipes are recommended:

ROSSA NOVA SPECIAL

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Brandy
1 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and garnish with fruit.

SCOTCH FROG COCKTAIL

1/2 oz. Whisky
1/2 oz. Brandy
1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cognac
1/2 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
Shake and strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

1/2 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with crushed ice. Strain into glass. Serve and serve.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL

1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with crushed ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

COCKTAIL, ST. VINCENT

1/2 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
1/2 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
Shake with ice and serve in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Cognac de Cacao
1 oz. Cognac
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

WHITE MINK

1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Cream
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL

1/2 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
1/2 oz. Cognac
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
Shake in cocktail glass. Strain into cocktail glass.

Mix these drinks
with Galliano

VISIT WEST PALM BEACH

AND SEE
ARNOLD PALMER

AND
JACK NICKLAUS

TEAM UP IN THE

**PGA NATIONAL
FOUR BALL
CHAMPIONSHIP**
DEC. 8-11

120 of Golfdom's Top Teams
Competing for a Minimum
Guaranteed

\$125,000 IN PRIZE MONEY

Just one of the many attractions
in the West Palm Beach area

For details, write: City Hall, Dept. P1
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

**THE
NEWS
IS
OUT**

A Christmas gift of
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
costs just \$7.50 for a full year.

But—if you order two subscriptions,
you pay only \$12 (or just \$6 apiece).
To cash in on this good buy, turn to
the Christmas order form in this magazine.



10TH HOLE *continued*

JUST FOR KICKS

Sirs:

Concerning Richard N. DeGunter's suggestion for returning the goal-line stand to football (19th Hole, Oct. 18), one thing is sure: a team would need a computer to figure it out. Using DeGunter's rules, just imagine this situation: With less than two minutes to go Team A leads B by four points and has the ball. Quarterback A throws to his flanker and, as the flanker crosses mid-field, he must think, "Do I stop between the 20- and 30-yard lines so we have three downs in which to attempt a field goal, or do I stop before I cross the 10, giving us only two chances to kick, or do I cross the 10 where we have to kick on the first down or go for a touchdown, thus giving the other team a better chance of getting the ball?" Or pity the poor pass defender who, after intercepting a pass, must suddenly decide where to stop to put his team in the best scoring position.

If this goes through, every quarterback will have to be a math genius like Frank Ryan.

NED C. HOELZER

Brooklyn, Ohio

Sirs:

For the professional football fan who wonders why he finds himself trotting off for a hot dog when the field-goal team is trotting onto the field at fourth-and-one on the 12-yard line, I propose the following experiment: take one football, one 98¢ plastic kicking tee, and sneak onto the local high school practice field. Place about 15 steps from the goalposts, tee up the ball and have at it. I think many a fan will be surprised to find that, with a minimum of coordination, he can put the ball right through the uprights after a few tries. After a brief warmup, my neighbor and I were 6 for 10 from 10 yards out (the main problem was getting the ball high enough), 7 for 10 from 15 yards, and 2 for 5 from 20 yards away. No Lou Groza's, to be sure, but we proved one thing: short field goals and extra points are too easy.

I don't want place kicking eliminated. A long field goal can be as thrilling as the long bomb. Tommy Brooker of the Chiefs booted a 48-yarder against Boston a few weeks ago that had the fans standing on their seats. But the only excitement I got watching Brooker kick his 104th consecutive extra point was seeing the fight in the stands over the ball.

My proposed rule change is simple: a team may not attempt a field goal when the line of scrimmage is inside the opponent's 20-yard line. Such a rule would restore prestige to the field goal by making it a feat of some difficulty. It would also restore the fourth-and-goal play to the fans, thereby replacing football's duller play with its most exciting.

JOE RABIER

Kansas City, Mo.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune* and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the international editions of *Time* and *Life*.
Chairman of the Board, Andrew W. Mellon;
Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy T. Loefer;
Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. McDowell; President, James A. Loefer; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brunsbach; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnett; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey; Vice President, Charles A. Adams; President, M. Auer; Vice President, Edgar R. Baker; Charles B. Bear, Clay Buchanan, R. M. Bucklin, John L. Haddenbeck, Jerome S. Harby, Sidney I. James, Arthur W. Kayser, Henry Lane III, Ralph D. Kane Jr., Weston C. Patten Jr., James R. Meppley, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messenger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingth, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated

Please include a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** label to insure magazine service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
146 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611.
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

TO SUBSCRIBE:
mail this form with your payment.
check one:
☐ new subscription ☐ renew my subscription

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr \$7.50
All other subscriptions, 1 yr \$10.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know for weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

The *DOVE* Shirt

on the adjacent page is fashioned in
Colinette FORTRELL

Look for it at these fine stores:

Jackson Clothing	Seima, Ala.
Wofford's	Tucson, Ariz.
Bond's	New Haven, Conn.
Fairfield Dept. Store	Fairfield, Conn.
J. Johnson & Sons	New Haven, Conn.
Hyatt's	Bridgeport, Conn.
Shapiro's	Bridgeport, Conn.
May-Cole	Jacksonville, Fla.
Loring	Madison Beach, Md.
Woolly's	Cincinnati, Ohio
Al. Baskin	Jersey, Ill.
Baskin's and branches	Chicago, Ill.
Faustberg's	Waukegan, Ill.
Nichols's	Western Springs, Ill.
Schiffman's	Stratford, Ill.
J. Siskadee	Arlington Heights, Ill.
4 Sons	Aurora, Ill.
Wiegand & Pilsch	Shelbyville, Ind.
Todd Bennett	Valparaiso, Ind.
Tillery's	Hammond, Ind.
Jack Fox & Sons, Inc.	Frankford, Ind.
Lacey's	Frankford, Ky.
Mr. Suburban	Westfield, Mass.
Audette's	Worcester, Mass.
Stamps Dept.	Stamford, Conn.
Stamps, Inc.	Baltimore, Md.
Eschscholtz-Kohr Co.	Wrentham, Mass.
Wm. G. Brown Co.	Gloucester, Mass.
William F. Fiske Sons Co.	Springfield, Mass.
Parties & Wadland	Springfield, Mass.
Hayes & Co.	Lawrence, Mass.
Kap's, Inc.	Boston, Mass.
Kennedy's, Inc.	Boston, Mass.
R. H. Stearns Company	Boston, Mass.
W. J. Miller Co., Inc.	Detroit, Mich.
Young's Men's Wear	Minneapolis, Minn.
Clyde's Men's Wear	Minneapolis, Minn.
R. W. Reed	Tapeville, Miss.
Gregory's, Inc.	Nashua, N. H.
Spartan Shirts	Dover, N. H.
Adam's Hosiery	New Providence, N. J.
Bamberger's	Newark, N. J.
and branches	Newark, N. J.
Hahn's Co.	Newark, N. J.
and branches	Newark, N. J.
Levy Bros.	Elizabeth, N. J.
Meyer Bros.	Paterson, N. J.
and branches	Paterson, N. J.
Boer Bros.	Asbury Park, N. J.
Burgess's	Jamestown, N. Y.
E. W. Edwards	Jamestown, N. Y.
E. W. Edwards	Covington, N. Y.
Gomb's	New York, N. Y.
and branches	New York, N. Y.
Kleinham	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mark Tean Men's Shop	Elmira, N. Y.
March Men's Shop	Hampton, N. Y.
McCurdy & Co.	Rochester, N. Y.
McFarlan Clothing	Rochester, N. Y.
Montgomery's	Canastota, N. Y.
Mr. Shop	De Witt, N. Y.
Prinz Co.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Thermer's	White Plains, N. Y.
Murray Stearns	Roseton, N. Y.
Webb's	Sticks, N. Y.
Walsh's	New York, N. Y.
and branches	New York, N. Y.
Wey's, Inc.	Ashville, N. C.
Wey's of Charlotte	Charlotte, N. C.
Thalmer's Ellis Stone	Charlotte, N. C.
Shark's	Greensboro, N. C.
The Halls Bros. Co.	Farmville, N. C.
and branches	Cleveland, Ohio
Wattson Bros.	Youngstown, Ohio
East Gwinn, Inc.	Warren, Ohio
W. L. Strain Co.	Summit, Ohio
Hosen & Frank	Portsmouth, Ohio
Isaac Baker & Son	Erin, Pa.
Capon's	Sharon, Pa.
Cashell's	Harrisburg, Pa.
Ely's Clothing	Harrisburg, Pa.
The Halls Bros. Co.	Lancaster, Pa.
Thalmer's	Lancaster, Pa.
L. H. Company	McKeesport, Pa.
Lyon's Clothing Store	Allentown, Pa.
Prinz Company	Chambersburg, Pa.
Ross & Co.	Warren, Pa.
Strick Shop	Titanburg, Pa.
John W. Wadsworth	Warren, Pa.
Woff's	Philadelphia, Pa.
Woff's	Charlottesville, Va.
Woff's	Providence, R. I.
Woff's of Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
Woff's & Rhoads	Richmond, Va.
Woff's	Savannah, Va.
Woff's & Nelson	Seattle, Wash.
Woodward & Lister	Washington, D. C.
and branches	Washington, D. C.
Woff's	Clarkburg, W. Va.
Reiser & Co.	Martinsburg, W. Va.
Sharp Hamilton Co.	Farmington, W. Va.
Woff's	Artichoke, W. Va.
De Byrnes	Winchester, W. Va.
De Byrnes	Winchester, W. Va.
W. L. Men's Shop	Way Cross, W. Va.
W. C. Prange Co., Inc.	Appleton, Wis.

YESTERDAY

A Rooster with a Reason to Crow

Billy (Rooster) Andrews is a sort of cheerful footnote in the annals of college football. He was from the start the right size for a footnote, being slightly larger than Eddie Gaddel, the midget Bill Veeck once used to bat for the St. Louis Browns. Andrews had a fine physique, but there was only 4 feet 11 inches of it. Personable and popular, he was the University of Texas water boy and team manager from 1942 through 1946.

In his first appearance as a player he kicked two extra points against Texas Christian University in a 46-7 rout. But Texas rooters rejoiced to see a hop-on-my-thumb rub salt in the wounds of the humiliating score. TCU was a hated team because it had ruined Texas' bid for a national championship in 1941. TCU Coach Dutch Meyer refused to shake hands with Dana X. Bible of Texas after the game.

What added to the absurd drama of Rooster's performance was that he dropped his extra points.

A day came when Rooster was supposed to kick the ball and failed. It was in the Texas-Southern Methodist game of 1945, the first of the classic encounters between Quarterbacks Bobby Layne of Texas and Donk Walker of SMU. Rooster was Layne's roommate. All three were natives of Dallas, and during holidays and summer vacations they were nearly constant companions.

Rooster today is president of Austin's C & S Sporting Goods Co., one of the more prosperous in Texas. He earned his nickname in his second semester at Texas, the spring of 1942. Jack Crain and Buddy Jungmichel, the Longhorns' half-back and All-America guard, hauled him out of bed at midnight for a wild errand. They had a notion of entering a contestant in an illegal 2 a.m. cockfight at nearby Elgin, Texas, and they had discovered that the meanest rooster in Austin was perched angrily in the live oak tree in front of the caretaker's house at

continued

TWO GREAT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSES

BY
ROBERT TRENT JONES

FOR A

GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY

AT

Shoguns
Country Club Resort

7 DAYS / 6 NIGHTS
ONLY
\$124.50

PER PERSON—Double Occupancy

Special rate includes comfortable twin-bedded room with private bath and patio, all breakfasts, all dinners; daily greens fees at either of our own 18-hole golf courses; transportation to and from Phoenix Airport; state and local taxes. Also greens fees on four other Phoenix area resort courses for golfing diversion.

FOUR ROOMS—Private Bungalow accommodation with 2 twin bedrooms, two baths and PARLOR including all of above at same per person rate. Every other vacation feature available including beautiful new swimming pool and tennis, tennis, lawn sports, cocktail entertainment, desert cook outs. Rate effective from November 1, 1965 thru January 22, 1966.

GREAT IDEA FOR THE HOLIDAYS

THE WIGWAM

INN • BUNGALOWS • COUNTRY CLUB
Litchfield Park (near Phoenix, Arizona)

Write or call READE WHITTELL, Mgr.,
for reservations and illustrated brochures.

Phone - (602) 935-3611



exciting



san diego



has it all!

Take off on any of 60 golf courses... thrill to thoroughbred racing year-round at Caliente, every Summer at Del Mar... enjoy sportfishing, surfing, swimming in the Pacific—just a few of the exciting things to see and do in sunny San Diego—America's greatest vacationland!

For free folders, write Convention & Visitors Bureau, 924 2nd Ave., Dept. SI-1165, San Diego, Calif. 92101.

Rooster Andrews

Memorial Stadium. They had drafted Andrews to climb up and get him down.

Andrews put a flashlight in his back pocket and scooted up the tree to its highest branches, where three chickens were roosting, including the mean one, spoiling for a fight. "Awright," yelled Crum from below, "now shine your light. That's him! The red one in the middle. Grab him!"

Andrews put away the flashlight, held onto the tree trunk with one arm and reached up for the rooster. "He just exploded," Andrews recalls. "He raked me from eyebrow to navel. I let go of everything but the rooster, and I must have hit every tree limb going down." The rooster got away, and Andrews had a broken arm. He was known as Rooster from then on.

In 1945 when Rooster went into the game against SMU, the score was 12-7 and Texas needed that 13th point. Layne had missed the kick after the first touchdown, and now he decided it was a fine time to repeat a play he and Rooster had worked the previous year against Oklahoma. Instead of kicking for the conversion, Rooster had passed to Layne in the left flat.

But when Texas came out against SMU, Doak Walker stationed himself in the left flat, grinned across at Andrews and made a passing motion with his right arm.

Opposing linemen took great care when rushing at Rooster not to step on him, fall on him or otherwise maim him. Their faces went blank with astonishment this time when Rooster cocked his arm to pass, and one large tackle roomed past him before he could check his stride. Meanwhile, Layne was zigging, faking and zigging, trying to elude the knowing Walker. "Doak was sitting in his hip pocket," Rooster says, "so I just threw the ball in the other direction, hoping one of our guys would grab it." Nobody did.

Texas won anyway, 12-7, but that night Layne and Rooster could hardly wait to get with Walker and ask him how he had anticipated the play. "Don't you remember?" Walker said. "When we got together after last year's Oklahoma game you bragged all night about that pass. Besides, when I saw Rooster come out of the huddle with that big ear-splitting grin on his face, I knew he wasn't going to kick the ball."

—STEVE PERKINS

first-class skiing



SHANTY CREEK LODGE



BELLAIRE



MICHIGAN

OPEN YEAR 'ROUND

**14 slopes • 6 lifts
snow-for-sure**

This season discover Shanty Creek—it's a big, white and wide world of 1900 acres redesigned trails, snow machines, all kinds of sport facilities. The accommodations are great, the food superb. The tariff less than you might expect. Skiing from Thanksgiving to Easter. Make plans now.

reservations anyone? see your travel agent, write or phone (616) 533-2833 groups and meetings invited. send for brochure—20 pages in full color and free.





you can say that again

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



**You'll be twice welcome
when you call Long Distance**

Welcomes are always warmer
when you call and tell the folks you're
on your way. Saves them worry.

And it's easy to do.

Call ahead next trip and see.

NOTE THESE EXAMPLES OF CURRENT LONG DISTANCE RATES

	Monday-Friday 4:30 a.m.-6 p.m. (day rate)	Saturday 4:30 a.m.-8 p.m. Monday-Friday 6 p.m.-8 p.m. (evening rate)	Sunday any time Monday-Saturday 8 p.m.-4:30 a.m. (night rate)
New York to Seattle	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
Cincinnati to Denver	\$1.55	\$1.10	\$.80
Philadelphia to St. Louis	\$1.45	\$1.05	\$.75
Pittsburgh to Des Moines	\$1.40	\$1.00	\$.70
Chicago to Atlanta	\$1.35	\$.95	\$.65
Washington to New York	\$.80	\$.60*	\$.60*

Three-minute, station-to-station interstate rates. Add 10% Federal excise tax.

*Note: There is no difference between evening and night rates on interstate calls less than 221 miles.



Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies